THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER NOW READY

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau may not be above suspicion, but as an orator he is without a Canadian rival. His political party and the country for which he so eloquently spoke could not but be proud of him as he addressed the Commercial Club at Providence, R. I. Sometimes he may have sailed away into the "hifalutin" regions of oratorical bombast, but it was seldom, and the general tenor of the speech was wise and patriotic. Surely even the Grits must see that Chapleau's description of Canada's attitude regarding reciprocal trade relations places us in a much more self-respecting and manly light than the declarations of Dominion weakness made by Mr. Laurier. The latter gentleman may be a much purer politician than Mr. Chapleau, but he gives his country and his country's cause away when he talks, and this is harder to forgive than positive wickedness. As the Boston lady said when reproving her little daughter, "Beatrice, how could you do such a thing! Don't you know it is wicked, it is worse than wicked; it is vulgar!"

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Seldom are heard so many expressions of genuine sorrow as have been caused by the suicide of the young Englishman, Hanbury. Why should people feel sorrier for him than for the many other desperate and disappointed people who live on and stare hopelessly at us every day, either too brave or too cowardly to put an end to their wretched existence? True, Hanbury had been rich, and when poverty comes to those who have had their fling it seems more like an intrusion than when it has always been a haunting spectre. Somehow people imagine, without defining their notion, that those who were born rich have a special right to stay that way, no matter how foolish they may be and utterly regardless of the use they make of their wealth. For me to have been born poor and to have remained in that condition; for you to have risen from poverty to wealth and then sunk back into poverty, has nothing tragic in it, but for a young man to have been born in clover and then stared in the face by comparative poverty to do wrong and then commit suicide, makes everybody sad. I can see more tragedy in the loss of joy marked in the tired face of the toil-worn young wife who lugs a moaning baby on her aching arm and watches youth's pleasures and maiden romances drift out with the tide; I can see more sorrow, a greater tragedy in the hopeless face of the youth who had hoped to be somebody some day; more heartache in half the faces I see than I can find in the dismal, commonplace story of a youth who killed himself, not because he was of no use to the world—this he had never been—but because the world was no longer pleasant to him. Of course his end was sad, death is always sad, but not nearly so sad, not so unutterably, so crucifyingly sad as life, loveless, hopeless life.

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I have many visits from people who know nothing about my business, yet who consider that they know it far better than I do myself. As a rule I attend to their counsel with patience and listen to their reproof with such meekness as I happen to have with me. No one is too wise to listen nor too old to learn, and out of the "mouths of babes and sucklings" it is possible for much needed truth to come, but I have had a visitation from a "journalist," and this I confess is my sorest trial. When it ceased to be necessary for me to write party politics I swore off putting hard words, bad words, into print, and with a few more or less excusable lapses I have remained firmly of the opinion that as writers grow older and wiser they refrain from violent expressions and try to cultivate the habit of saying as many pleasant things about people as possible. The "journalist" as he appears to himself is a terrible person, making Rome howl and the Rialto tremble; he can make or unmake men in an hour, and people are eager to conciliate him. He uses dreadful adjectives and pours forth thunders, which he believes causes the earth to wobble on its axis. The "journalist," this amateur fellow who as yet knows nothing of the poor, hard grind and many disappointments of trying to do something really worth doing, or of saying something really worth saying, will some day, if he sticks to his task, drop his swagger title and admit that he is nothing but a newspaper man, and possibly a very poor one at that. In the meantime he may enjoy his proud opinion of himself, happily oblivious of the fact that to other people he is as funny as a little monkey with a plug hat and gold-braided coat.

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Did you ever see an untidy old woman climbing down a rope ladder or backing down off the steps of an omnibus with that unbeautiful display of worn-out prunella shoes and unornamented underwear, which is almost certain to accompany the over-cautious movements of an elderly female person who is very uncertain where she is going to land? I never saw anything that reminded me so much of this sort of a performance as the remarkable editorial in the *Evening News* of last Saturday, announcing the espousal by that paper of the cause of Mayoralty Candidate Fleming. The editorial old dame came down rear first with that unnecessary and humiliating display of frayed petticoats and ungartered, hose and down-at-the-heel shoes which betrays a lack of that personal cleanliness and pride which restrain the self-respectful from making a public exhibition of how much unlovelliness there may be beneath an ordinarily decent exterior. An editor who comes out backwards and paws around with his hind foot for something to step on, is a sad exhibition for a man to make of the reasons why he should not be in charge of a newspaper or any affair which requires leadership and decision of character. The *News*, with the bland unconsciousness which so often accompanies an insufficient mental equipment, has no reason of its own for offering Mr. Fleming as its candidate, but announces that after diligent inquiry amongst the workingmen it finds that he has many friends, in fact, more friends than any other candidate; consequently it will support him. It also announces that on account of him having friends in the quarter mentioned it has no doubt that he will be elected the next mayor, and like the penitent it realizes:

Nothing that I can do
Will make thy virtues mine.

It must be humiliating to Mr. Fleming to be supported in this rear-elevation style, and it certainly is no compliment to those that the *News* esteems to be its friends and patrons for an editor to offer them a candidate as a waiter would present a dish of high-smelling game, his nose turned up and his face averted while dumping a malodorous fragment upon the table.

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I do not mean to say that Mr. Fleming is a malodorous fragment; I am merely speaking of the way he has been presented by one who is presumed for the time being, at least, to be his friend. Mr. Fleming is a smart man, and like the present mayor he is a very cunning and adroit man. It he becomes a candidate for mayor, no doubt his friends will most of them get down off the wagon with the same absurd spectacular effect which the *News* appears to advise in itself. I am told, and do truly believe, that already Bro. Joseph Tait, who is a good temperance man, is organizing the hotelkeepers in favor of Brother Fleming, who is also a good temperance man and the author of the Fleming by-law—a by-law which, by the way, does Mr. Fleming much credit. But it "do seem hodd" to find our pious and eloquent Brother Tait, assisted by the eloquent if not pious Peter Ryan, engaged in organizing the hotelkeepers to support one of the most rabid prohibitionists in Toronto. It is even said that word is being passed around to the effect that if Mr. Fleming does not become mayor he will at least be a license commissioner next year. The connection between the two is obvious and it behooves the man with the license to get and to keep, to make friends with this temperance man, this Mammon of Mowatry. It may strike the public at this crisis that such methods are very peculiar, inasmuch as an effort is being made to reorganize our municipal machinery. For the Grit party to step in at the present juncture with an idea of marshalling their forces so as to elect one of their political faith while more than one Conservative is in the field, may be an astute party move, but we can scarcely hope to purify our municipal affairs by the application to the campaign of such back-township and log-rolling tactics as seem to be in contemplation. I am disposed to believe that Mr. Fleming's adroitness is being overworked. He cannot sit down at the present crisis and say unto himself:

1. I have the *News*; that pulls the labor vote.
2. I have the License Commissioners; that pulls the liquor vote.
3. I am a temperance man and that gives me the temperance vote.
4. I am a pious man and that gives me the pious vote.
5. I am an East-Ender; that gives me the east end vote.
6. I am a real estate boomer; that gives me the real estate vote.
7. I am an experienced councilman; that will give me the old fashioned vote.
8. I am not a C. P. R. director; that will give me the Grand Trunk and anti-corporation vote.
9. I am everything to every man; that ought to give me everybody's vote.

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Municipal politics are not being run on these lines this year. The labor voter and the temperance voter, and the religious voter and the Reform voter, the Conservative voter and the voter of every sort is doing some thinking for himself, and old leaders and old bosses will be unable to herd the masses to the polls in factions and sects. The "pull" business is played out. There is a general revolt against the old methods and a desire is apparent to place in power a man who is not too familiar with the "boys," a man who, in fact, is not well versed in "pulls" and "dickers," and "swaps" and "combinations" and such like methods of obtaining place and making it profitable.

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So far the *Telegram* is reconnoitering with an idea of getting into the winning procession and pretending to lead it. This is an intellectual and dignified performance in which the *Telegram* has no rival. Somehow it has generally brought disaster and gloom to the publication office on election night, yet the great minds which sway the paper pose year after year in the tight-rope-John act, and in the end tumble off into the dust amidst the jeers of those who are always willing to respect an honest opinion but who sincerely despise the man on the fence. It is said that the *Telegram* has been merely waiting for the *News* to commit itself to Fleming before coming out and advocating his cause, thus gaining for their old-time favorite the support of another newspaper.

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Taken all round it is not surprising that we have ward-heelers and log-rollers and leg-pullers when the newspapers are so much given over to the arts of ward politics.

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On this page is the portrait of Mr. Edmund B. Osler, the mayoralty nominee of the Citizens' Committee. I am glad to support him, not because he is "one of the boys," or has "a pull," or would be friendly to the "gang" if he is elected mayor. I am of the opinion that "the fellows with a pull" and "the boys" and the "gang" would get a mighty frosty reception at the Mayor's office if it were occupied by Mr. Osler. In stature he is a large man, and as his portrait indicates, he has a big, square jaw. If people want a mayor that they can drop in and chat with; if they want a mayor they can go up to and plan out schemes for making money out of the city; if they want a fellow who will join all the clubs and societies in town; if they want a man who will be the chum of every alderman from every ward, E. B. Osler is the last man they ought to select. He is not chummy; not because he is proud, for it is not many years ago that he was as poor as any of us, and a country parson's son in the Ontario township of Tecumseh. A reserved manner and brusque address very frequently are but the shell covering a generous and sensitive nature, while affability and a smiling fondness for clapping a man on the shoulder and calling him "old fellow," is the disguise of a selfish and unscrupulous nature. Personally I can bear no evidence to Mr. Osler's social qualities. It seems to me very immaterial! What we need is not a companion, a chum, a jolly good fellow, but a strong and able mayor, and I believe that Mr. E. B. Osler is incomparably the best candidate in the field.

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Edmund Boyd Osler is the son of Rev. F. L. Osler, and was born at his father's parsonage, township of Tecumseh. He was educated at Dundas, began life as clerk in a branch of the Bank of Upper Canada, and after the closing of the bank became a partner in the business of Pellat & Osler. His first large operation in railway matters was in conjunction with Sir George Stephen, when he took up the affairs of the Credit Valley Railway, that road being about to be closed by sale of the right of way by unpaid lien holders. He was the chief promoter and president of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, the only road leading into Toronto which never asked for municipal aid. He arranged the amalgamation of the Credit Valley and the Ontario and Quebec and their incorporation into the C. P. R. system, after which he became a director of the Canadian Pacific, and is in charge for that road of the financial arrangements for all branch lines. His more recent transactions were the obtaining in England of funds for the building of the branch at Port Albert on the Saskatchewan and those to Edmonton and Fort McLeod. He has been a director for many years of the Dominion Bank; founder and manager of the North of Scotland Mortgage Company, and is also director and manager of several other successful public companies.

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For a man to obtain such great prominence in financial affairs by his unaided exertions, and before he has yet passed middle age, is an achievement paralleled in the progress of but few Canadians, and should he become mayor of Toronto there is no doubt that the same aggressive and concentrated force will bring about the re-arrangement of the city debt and a re organization of our municipal government—a consummation most devoutly to be hoped for.

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Then, too, there is Brother Beaty, who once made a fairly good mayor and in many respects would not make a very bad mayor again, but he is altogether too anxious for the place. There is a hungry eagerness about his canvass which is not engaging. He believes that churches ought to pay their taxes, and he is author of the book, Paying the Pastor, in which he argues that paid preachers are "unscriptural and papistical." So far as heard from, however, he is in favor of paying the mayor and is more than a little anxious to collect some of the salary himself. His election speeches are not lacking in cleverness, but he promises too much. No one in his audience has a fad that Dr. Beaty is not willing to accept, but we all know he is too sensible a man to attempt to perform ten per cent. of the things he is promising, and the man who unblushingly "toots his own horn" is too professional to be trusted. As I remarked before, the people are not in a humor to be humbugged. We can only hope for the incoming mayor to accomplish a few things, but these are very necessary and will require great strength and tenacity of purpose and an entire disregard of public clamor and private solicitation. Who is to be mayor is no more my funeral than it is yours, and I have no right to urge a candidate upon you, and I hope that in all that I have said I have tried to give nothing more than a reason for the faith that is in me. But we have had enough "slick" mayors. Now we need a strong one.

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The newspapers are discussing an opportunity for money to be saved by the legislative union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, three governors, three legislatures and senates, with all the expensive paraphernalia connected with them now being in existence. The Dominion pays the salaries of these governors—twenty-five thousand dollars a year—and of this Ontario pays fifteen thousand. The whole of it should be done for five thousand dollars. The ministers cost twenty-six thousand dollars a year; the legislatures fifty thousand, and so on through the long gamut of one-horse pomp. It is estimated that three hundred thousand dollars a year could be saved by the union of these provinces, and as their interests are similar and racial divisions are almost unknown, there is no earthly excuse for their present divisions. Ontario and Quebec could not unite because to the latter a set of laws have been guaranteed which are absolutely obnoxious to this province. Moreover, Quebec has a population far exceeding that of the three maritime provinces, and Ontario nearly as many as Quebec and the other three provinces combined. Of course they won't unite. There is nothing so common in Canada as the measly pride of contemptible sectionalism, an unaccountable jealousy between various localities. The people do not want to economize; Nova Scotians do not care what it costs as long as Nova Scotia gets a little the best of it; New Brunswickers are entirely indifferent as to what happens Ontario; Quebec would see the other six provinces in Hades rather than give up a single advantage British Columbia despises the balance of Canada; Manitoba, the most cosmopolitan of our provinces, insomuch as it has been built up by emigrants from the other six divisions of Canada, is still new and poor and "on the make." So as the matter stands we have no chance of becoming a homogeneous people during this generation or the one that shall follow it. The census has saddened the heart of the sturdiest believers in our progress. Imperial politicians till lately treated us as if they had a hundred years in which to chew the cud of reflection as to what they will do with or for us. Altogether Canada is having a sour winter with many exasperating and discouraging thoughts over our corrupt politics and an indefinite future.

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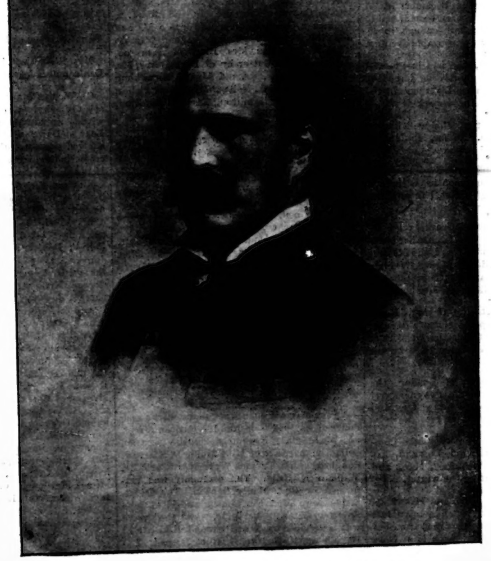
From Vancouver comes a despatch illustrative of one of the phases of Canadian life which is every day obtruding itself more forcibly upon the public mind. There is an old judge out there, Sir Matthew Begbie, who used to dispense justice in a mining camp while sitting on a log and exerting his force of character as it was probably necessary to be exerted in the primitive settlement. An old-timer, Samuel Greer, is a squatter on some land which the Canadian Pacific desires to use, and he has resisted every attempt to take it away from him by force or without recompense. His title is not a very good one, but nobody has a better title. He resisted the sheriff who was trying to seize it on behalf of a powerful corporation, and one of Greer's firearms went off, slightly wounding an officer. For this he was brought to trial and the old mining camp judge, who now wears a title and thinks he is a deputy



Edmund B. Osler, the Citizens' Nominee for Mayor.

THE HANDSOMEST PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT IN THE WORLD

of the deity, not only convicted him but in the speech delivered to the defendant called him "a perjurer, a disgrace to civilization, a criminal, the worst man he had ever heard of, etc." He raked up his past life and denounced him as only the foulest outcast of society should be denounced. An indignation meeting was held and all the leading clergymen in the country thereabouts joined in denouncing the unjust judge and in demanding a new trial. What the judge had said in his denunciation of the prisoner is stigmatized as false. True, the prisoner had been tried for perjury, but acquitted; the prisoner's title to his land had been tried in many courts, and he had won as often as he had lost. The Legislature had even once favored the issuance of a Crown title to him. In private life though rough, he was generous and kindly, and the sum of the matter is that the judge is alleged to be in his second childhood, and the whole of the western province is in a turmoil over the conduct of this old tyrant on the bench. We have too many of this sort of men who remain in power long after their capacity to attend to public business is gone. There are county judges in th's province who are never expected to give an impartial judgment, and altogether the whole basis upon which our judiciary is founded would bear reorganizing, not making it elective, but fixing set terms for occupancy of the bench. At any rate, with this case in view and knowing the hardships of the squatters who have settled upon land in new countries, my sympathies all go out to the man who is determined to retain his rights and the possession of his land no matter what happens. If it comes down to fine pleading, none of us have a right to a place on earth except by a squatter's title.

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I have been considerably interested in the controversy between Colonel Otter, surrounded by his staff of military magnates, and Captain Man'ey. It is quite possible that the latter citizen and officer may be given to freedom of speech which is not entirely in harmony with military ethics, but that he has no right to criticize the selection of a range made by his superior officer is an assertion which if carried to its legitimate conclusion closes the mouth of every civilian who occasionally wears the Queen's uniform. The whole of Toronto has been anxious to obtain possession of the Garrison Commons in order that our industrial fair may enlarge its boundaries and keep pace with the necessities occasioned by its growth. While we have all been so anxious the colonels in charge have apparently adopted Vanderbilt's motto of "the people be d——d." Argument, persuasion, influence, everything was long unavailing to get them to vacate the premises. Human life had been sacrificed and in a thousand cases endangered, and yet it made no difference to these big-headed officers who look with contempt upon civilians. At last when it became impossible to further resist the demands of the citizens, the officers, without consulting the men who are the ones likely to practice at the butts select a site more removed from the city but in some respects equally dangerous. Other sites were in contemplation to which the men could be taken for their rifle practice at a less expense and with a less loss of time. Capt. Manley asked that further investigation be made into the desirability of these places before the *ipse dixit* of Colonel Otter be accepted as final. The Queen's Own were consulted by Colonel Hamilton, but outside of this the men have not been asked as to their preference or convenience. I think we have had quite enough of this bejay business on the part of the colonels. It would be nonsense to suppose that men could be consulted in time of war as to when they should leave home or how they should march or where they should go or what tactics they should use, but when it is a question of where they shall go out to practice rifle shooting in time of peace with the least possible expense and loss of time, they have every reason in the world to be consulted, and as Capt. Manley is an enthusiastic shot, has been on the Wimbleton team, has been in charge of the Ontario rifle practice here, has been a field officer of Dominion rifle practice, has been what laymen would call a sort of an umpire at Montreal at the Quebec practice, he has a perfect right to express his opinion and he does not have to go with his hat in hand to his superior officer before saying what he thinks. It is evident that while the old motto of the colonels was "the people be d——d," it now is "the volunteer be d——d." They even go so far as to say that they do not intend to consult every Tommy Jenkins in the force before deciding on the rifle range. The Tommy Jenkins in the regular army is hired to go out and subordinate himself to his officers, but if the volunteer who serves in our local militia corps is to be called a Tommy Jenkins, if he is to have no right to say how much inconvenience or expense he shall be put to in order to obtain rifle practice, it is very likely that when he comes to vote—for the Tommy Jenkins of the militia is a voter—it will be very difficult to carry a by-law authorizing the change. Tommy Jenkins, forsooth! There are a thousand men in the local militia who are socially and financially the peers of these bombastic colonels. If we desire to ruin our volunteer force we cannot be surer of doing it than by calling the men Tommy Jenkinses, forcing them to go to difficult and out-of-the-way places for rifle practice, disregarding their wishes, refusing to harken to their desires and threatening them with dismissal if they dare enter a protest, while swaggering colonels put on style and claim to carry the wishes of the battalions in their pocket.

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The Russell divorce case brings much more prominently into view than the marital infelicities of a less distinguished couple could have done, the possibilities of unhappiness and recrimination which come to those who take upon themselves the vows and responsibilities of matrimony. The glimpses the divorce courts give us of high life are not enticing. If we were to judge the aristocracy of England by the exhibitions made in the divorce courts, we would believe the so-called nobility to be the headquarters of vice and brutality. However limited the noble cast may be, we may be sure that the proportion of those who air their grievances in the courts is but small. The incidents obtrude themselves upon us because they are thought extra choice morsels when people of high degree fall out and tell how abominably the plaintiff or the defendant has acted. The unmentionable wickedness with which these high-toned suits are nowadays flavored, may mean much or little. No doubt a woman bringing a suit against an earl finds it to her advantage to threaten him with unspeakable accusations, as he having apparently been born to the idea that it is a gentleman's place to use his wife as he blame pleases would be unconcerned no matter what ordinary charges she might bring. I am not very fond of the woman who sues for divorce, and who for the sake of so many pounds per annum and a chance to marry again is willing to unlock the doors of privacy and unfold the soiled linen of domestic unhappiness to the gaze of the world. The poor woman no doubt was unhappy and may have been to a certain extent in need of money, but it was not necessary to make the world wonder at his brutality or at the daring which she displayed in inviting an inspection of her troubles.

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It is a recognized principle that when we make mistakes we must suffer for them. The mistake may be a matrimonial one and it is amongst the most irrevocable of life's errors. By the pure and the gentle much sorrow can be endured in silence. A quiet separation provides for safety from insult and assault. A gentle devotion to good works or to the children that may have been given may fill the sad life which might have been beautiful and joyous. Divorce courts cannot rectify mistakes; they may make possible a new union, but while this is true, the new partnership may be as full of dreadful days and heart pangs as the old one. I do not imagine that we make much headway by a renewal of the experiments that have failed. As a rule we may calculate that we are partially to blame for past failures, and are very liable to incur new ones. Perhaps it is beneficial to the world to know that milord and milady fall out and berate one another, just as Pat and Biddy are apt to do. Happiness is not in a title or in wealth, in baronial halls or the *entree* to fine society; it is in the heart, and when it is not there, divorce suits, and re-marriages, and alimony, and notoriety cannot bring it even to those who hunger and thirst after it as the washed-out favorites of the fates seldom hunger.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The Annual Conversazione of Doric Lodge A.F.&A.M. will be held at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, December 10. A number of invitations have been issued, and to those who have been fortunate enough to receive one we predict a very enjoyable evening.

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Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, who has just moved into his residence, will shortly be joined by Mrs. Boscovitz, who leaves Liverpool in the White Star liner Teutonic next week.

*

Miss Francillon, sister of the well known author, is visiting Mrs. Reesor, Ingleneuk, Rusholme road.

*

The Misses Trimmingham of Bermuda, who have been spending some months with Mrs. Goulding at 67 St. George street, left on Monday for their home.

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Miss Georgie Stammers of Grove avenue invited a few young friends to celebrate her birthday on Friday of last week, and the Masters and Misses Oliver, Beddome, Lowe, Weldon, Boswell, Dew, Milligan and Featherstonhaugh enjoyed themselves until quite a late hour.

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The children of the Protestant Orphans' Home on Dovercourt road took possession of their new schoolhouse on Monday, under the auspices of Inspector Hughes, Trustee Somers and one or two more.

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Mrs. Charles Hutchinson of London, the delegate from that place to the Prisoners' Aid Convention, is staying with her sister, Mrs. George Strange of College street.

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Mr. Rolt of the Edison Electric Light Company and formerly of London, England, has returned to town from Winnipeg, Man., and will be stationed here during the winter.

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Mr. Frank Mackelcan, Q.C., and Mrs. Mackelcan, of Hamilton, Ont., were in town last week. Mrs. Mackelcan has returned from her long tour of the North-West with Miss Nora Clench, covered with honor and in excellent health and spirits.

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Mr. Barrington Foote and his *impressario*, Mr. Harris, the well known organist of Montreal, were in town last Saturday. Mr. Foote has been singing this week in Detroit and other western places. He will return here in two or three weeks' time.

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I hear on good authority, that if, as now seems likely, the coming elections in England will bring Mr. Gladstone back to power, Lord Aberdeen will be the next Governor-General of Canada. At all events, he will be given the refusal of the position, and a better choice could hardly be made.

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Amongst new comers to Toronto are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Langworthy of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Langworthy lived here at one time, and intends to make his home here for the present.

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I hear from Winnipeg that Mr. Erwin, late of the New Fort, is counted an acquisition to society at that place, as are also his commanding officer, Capt. Heward, and the latter's bride. Capt. Heward was recently married to a daughter of Sir William Meredith of Quebec.

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The Hon. John Beverley and Mrs. Robinson are at present residing at the Arlington. I hear that Miss Robinson, who has lately sung at several concerts in England with great success, is likely to return to Toronto in the spring.

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Mr. and Mrs. Partridge of Boston, Mass., are staying with friends on Beverley street. It is probable that this lady and gentleman may take a house here for the winter.

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Mr. Edward Smith of the Royal Dublin Fusileers, who is home from India on long leave, is staying with Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, on St. George street. Mr. Smith is a graduate of Kingston Military College, and a resident of Quebec.

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Mr. Pierce of Plymouth, Eng., is staying with relations in town. Mr. Pierce left this week for the Canadian North-West, where he proposes to purchase land for the purpose of horse ranching.

*

A great society event came off in Brantford on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two, which was attended by the fashionables of Brantford and other surrounding cities. It was the marriage of Mr. Morgan Benett, New York, to Miss Alice E. Wye, youngest daughter of the late Jas. Wye, of this city. The ceremony took place in Grace Church. The building was crowded to the doors with a large number of interested spectators. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Rev. Geo. Wye. She was beautifully attired in a gown of white silk bengaline with long train, adorned at the edge with a thick ruche and deep flounce across the front, composed of chantilly lace caught up with clusters of bridal flowers. The bodice, trimmed with soft waves of *crepe de chine* and chantilly lace, was a marvel of beauty and delicacy. A silk net veil covered the spray of orange blossoms and hung in flimy folds to the end of the train. A bouquet of choice white flowers and ferns completed the *tout ensemble*. The bridesmaids were: Miss Raby Wye, sister of the bride, Miss Benett and Miss Nelles. All looked lovely in dresses of cream henrietta cloth, with demi-trains, bodices trimmed with gold braid, picturesque cream color beaver hats adorned with yellow plumes, and each carrying a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums tied with cream ribbons and wearing gold pins, the gift of the groom. Mr. Harry Leonard acted as best man, and the ushers were Dr. Minchin, Messrs. G H. Muirhead and F. D. Reville. Rev. Rural Dean Mackenzie was officiating clergyman and the impressive Church of England service was beautifully rendered. Among those invited were: Rev. G. W. and Mrs. Wye, Miss Theodora Wye, Mr. G. Victor of Amherstburg, Mr. Lionel Wye of Detroit, Dr. Wye of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Wye of Detroit, Miss Wye, Miss Celia Wye, Miss Raby Wye of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Swaisland of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Swaisland of Glencoe, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Benett, Miss Benett of Brantford, Mr. C. Benett of New Orleans, Mrs. Battersby, Mr. Chas. Battersby, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brandeger of New York, Mr. C. W. Moore, Mr. J. W. Lehmaier of New York, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Downs, Mr. and Mrs J. R. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Aylesworth of Toronto, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Cowan of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Spanish Consul, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Rosseau of Muskoka, Mr. and Mrs. T. Read of Hamilton, Mrs. Birne of Hamilton, Capt. and Mrs. Battersby of Port Dover, Mr. and Mrs. S. Fuge, Mr. and Mrs. G. Armstrong of London, Mrs. A. Nelles, Miss Nita Nelles, Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss C. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Digby, Dr. and Mrs. Henwood, Dr. and Mrs. Griffin, Dr. and Mrs. Winskill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr of Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Stratford, Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Miss Pauline Johnson, Mrs. and Miss Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Wilkes, the Misses Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Will Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Good, Miss Good, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Ballachey, Mr. and Mrs. Reville, the Misses Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt, Miss Cockshutt, Mr. Ed. Cockshutt, Miss Perley, Mrs. T. Perley, Mr. and the Misses Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hall, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Leonard, and Mrs. Jenkins. At three o'clock the ceremony was over and the bridal party left the church while the organ burst forth in Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The gift of the groom to the bride was a handsome gold watch. The wedding presents were of a most rich and varied description. Mr. and Mrs. Benett left for Buffalo, and thence they go to New York, their place of residence.

*

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of the bride's father, 182 Carlton street, on Wednesday, November 25, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Mollie D. Sparrow, daughter of Dr. Thomas W. Sparrow, and Mr. William E. Britt. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Manly Benson. The bridesmaids were Miss Flo Benson and Miss Cella Sparrow, sister of the bride, while the groom was attended by Mr. Desmond F. Britt of Buffalo and Mr. Tote Britt of Detroit. Immediately after the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for the east.

*

The members of Trinity Medical Literary and Scientific Society were At Home to their friends, particularly the ladies, at the college on Spruce street on Friday evening of last week. The college was never so crowded before and the entertainment was a great success. The seats, which rise semicircularly tier above tier in the lecture room, were occupied by bright and vivacious young ladies, with a sprinkling of stately matrons, while a couple of hundred frolicsome students formed the background. The fun ran high and the applause was accorded in a manner peculiar to meds. The programme was tastefully gotten up, and the artists acquitted themselves with credit. The soloists were Miss H. E. Rutherford, Messrs. F. Lucas, J. Bryce Mundie, A. G. Ashton Fletcher, F. W. Warrington. Misses Caisse and J. Wetherald and Dr. N. A. Powell gave readings, Dr. Charles Sheard delivered an address on Epitaphs, and there were the indispensable choruses by the students. N. Anderson was pianist. The society is as successful as it is useful and these are its officers: Hon. president, Dean W. B. Geikie; representative of faculty, Dr. Bingham; president, A. S. Tilley; 1st vice, J. K. M. Gordon; 2nd vice, J. S. Matheson; 3rd vice, Frederick Parker; councillors, R. A. Buck and J. G. Lamont; treasurer, A. L. Danard; secretary, F. W. Carlow.

*

Miss Hornibrook, whose charming impersonation of Esther in the spectacle of Ben Hur gained her many admirers in Toronto, is unfortunately seized with an attack of rheumatic fever.

*

The marriage of Mr. Harold Jarvis and Miss Laura Geikie is fixed for December 29. Mr. Jarvis takes his bride to a home in Detroit.

Another fair *artiste* who has earned her laurels in Toronto, and whom Toronto is about to lose, is Miss Katie Kerr, who is to be married in Winnipeg to Mr. Harry Jarvis on New Year's Eve. Miss Kerr's many warm friends in Toronto will join heartily in wishing her not one, but many happy New Years.

*

Mrs Drayton's tea last Saturday was largely attended and much enjoyed by her numerous friends. A young people's tea was given by th's successful hostess on Wednesday of this week, at which a goodly number of society buds and beaux were present.

*

Miss Katie Kerr has returned from a visit at St. Thomas, and leaves early next week for Winnipeg.

*

College theatricals had their origin nearly fifty years ago at Harvard when the Hasty Pudding Club was formed. Since then dramatic societies have become necessary features of the social life of the leading American university. With the exception of the production of Antigone in 1886, dramatic effort at the Varsity has been *nil*. Since November 1 certain active spirits have been planning a dramatic club in connection with Toronto University. After the several preliminary meetings the club was finally organized under the name of the The Cap and Bells, and the following officers elected on Wednesday evening. Hon. president, Prof. Baker; president, S. J. Robertson; vice-president, W. S. Cutthard, secretary, P. Whyte; treasurer, S. C. Wood; committee, Messrs. Simon Bain, Dobell, Moore, Langley, and McLaughlin. The society will produce a burlesque in February, the leading feature of which will be an exhibition of the terpsichorean art for which the *corps de ballet* will be chosen from the football field.

*

On Thursday week a most successful entertainment was held in St. Matthias' schoolhouse. The building was filled to overflowing, and there was an excellent programme. Prof. Huntingford's songs and recitations in particular gave great pleasure.

*

Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston entertained his company of the Grenadiers, at their residence on Dovercourt road, on the evening of November 25.

*

Mrs. George Pyke of 65 Major street invited a few friends to afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week. Among them were Mesdames Hoffmann, Petersen, Montgomery, Robbin, J. F. Featherstonhaugh, J. J. Featherstonhaugh, Ellis, and Miss Palmer.

*

Mrs. and Miss Denison of Rusholme road returned home on Saturday, after a visit to Mr. Henry Denison at Davenport, Iowa.

*

Miss Richardson is staying with Mrs. Arthur Denison of Lakeview avenue.

*

On Wednesday evening the West End Dramatic Club invited a large company of friends to witness an admirable performance of The Last Loaf, at Dawe's Hall, Bloor street. The acting showed most careful study and reflected great credit on the members of the club. Mrs. Gerald Donaldson was unfortunately taken ill at the last moment and her place was hastily filled by Miss Wey, who read the part. After the performance was over, the room was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with great zest till a late hour. Among those present were Col. F. Denison, Col. Milligan, Messrs. Beddome, Arthur Denison, Douglas Cameron, Reesor, H. Duggan, Grote, A. Bedford-Jones, George Kirkpatrick, sr., W. and A. Kirkpatrick, J. Tower Boyd, W. Stewart, F. Foster, C. and F. Ambery, Church, J. C. and A. Macdonell, George Mackenzie, W. L. Mackenzie King, Lyon Lindsey Richie, Hugh McNaughton, Graham Adam, McAndrews, Gibson, E. A. and F. Thompson, Morgan, Holland, Leigh, H. and D. Strickland, Varasor Robin, F. Hayes, D. Ellis, Rev. Hoyes Clark, the Mesdames F. Dawson, Beddome, Arthur Denison, H. Duggan, Morris, Macdonell, G. Mackenzie, Graham Adam, James Crowther, Gibson Harder, Atkinson, Leigh, E. A. and F. Thompson, Morgan, Holland, Symons, Lowe, Ellis Clark, Gordon, J. F. and J. J. Featherstonhaugh, McAndrews, Dunsford, Pyke and the Misses Macdonell, Cassels, Patteson, Jenkins Richardson, Wey, Denison, Palen, Thompson, Pechell, Fowler, Stammers, Maynard, Milligan, Featherstonhaugh, Foster, Morgan, Boyd, Palmer. Some pretty dresses were worn. Mrs. Henry Duggan had a white silk accordion pleated skirt with gold braid and a great deal of gold passementerie covering one side of the low waist; Mrs. J. Crowther had a deep yellow and black brocade and black lace. A silk and velvet brocade with green plush pointed panels and pink silk was much admired. There were several handsome dresses in black lace, yellow silk, two or three black and *eau de nil*. A soft gray silk, the waist trimmed with *chiffon*, was a pretty contrast to the brighter colors, and a red silk, the plain skirt and waist trimmed with deep folds of red *chiffon* embroidered in white, was very effective. Miss Marie Macdonell in fawn silk

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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The Wedding Breakfast.

SOON as the wedding gown has been bought, the trousseau completed and the guests selected, the bonnie bride can have a few days' breathing time to write her farewell letters, receive her presents and prepare for the pretty ordeal of the marriage ceremony. But her mother has yet another important matter to attend to, and that is the *menu* of the wedding feast. If an informal refreshment is decided upon, lots of delicate sandwiches, tempting cake and champagne and claret cup will be easily arranged for, but the formal wedding breakfast is quite another affair. Should means or distance forbid giving the matter into the hands of a city caterer, this spread is really a large undertaking if it is done well and in modern style. In the first place, the table and the guests must fit one another, and the arrangement of the former and the latter are equally important. Precedence must be carefully observed. for this is one of those occasions when it is indispensable. The parents of the bridegroom are treated with special attention, then those young people who form the bridal party, then the guests of high social position, and so on, down to the small brothers and country friends, who are shy and glad to be in the rear.

For wedding breakfasts the decorations and the linen are usually all white, but for an evening wedding the table is not necessarily dressed in white exclusively. At a breakfast, served very much as a ladies' luncheon, all the guests are seated, and the covers laid as for dinner. Fruit is generally served first, and then the breakfast in courses like a luncheon, coffee being served with the first course. Decorations for a wedding breakfast should not be too elaborate. In the center of the white covered table arrange a square of white China silk in light, crumpled up billows and lay white roses or other white flowers in the hollows. A wreath of rose leaves should outline the edges, and a large silver or glass bowl filled with white flowers be set in the middle. A dish of oranges garnished with orange blossoms would be a pretty addition.

The first course might be of *bouillon*, or chicken *consomme* in cups, as for a luncheon. Afterwards, scalloped fish or lobster, in silver scallop shells, or pretty little paper cases with silvered edges; hot rolls and coffee can go with this course, which may likewise consist of creamed lobster, oysters or other fish, served on china tea-plates. A course of delicate meat—lamb chops, broiled chicken, etc, may be served with potato croquettes and green peas. Afterwards a salad, and finish off with a light and dainty dessert of jellies, creams, icesand cakes. Dishes of salted almonds, olives and sweetmeats should stand here and there upon the table. The wedding cake is placed at one side before the bride's place, and when the dessert comes on, she is to cut it, by inserting the knife and leaving it to be further dissected at a side table, for which purpose the servants at once remove it. If any healths are to be proposed now is the time for them. The bride and groom must remain until after their health is proposed by the chief guest and the response made by the groom. Then they can leave their guests, to prepare for the wedding journey. A number of suitable boxes should be filled with cake and tied with white ribbons by some neat-handed Phyllis, to be handed to the guests on their leave-taking.

For an evening wedding the following *menu* is sufficient: *Bouillon*, fricasseed oysters, chicken salad, tongue-sandwiches, ice-cream, water ice, confectionery, cake, coffee, sherbet, and chocolate compose a desirable *menu*. Chicken croquettes can be added to this, which will afford an opportunity to utilize the dark meat of the chicken used in your salad. The oysters must be kept warm on the table and dished by the gentlemen or waiters at the time of serving. The salad also should be arranged in bowls so as to be easily helped. A waiter should attend to the coffee and chocolate, which must be kept warm in the supper-room. The refreshments should all be arranged neatly on a large table, with piles of plates, knives, forks, and spoons, so that the gentlemen can assist in serving the guests without difficulty.

Concerning the flowers pertaining to the bride and her wedding finery: the Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulation, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange blossoms on a background of maidenhair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. The custom of using orange blossoms at bridals has been traced to the Saracens, among whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that in the East the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time. LA MODE.

Urgent Business

Laura—Auntie, would I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?

Auntie—Only on very important business, my dear.

Laura—Well, this is important business. I want to marry him.

A Mis-deal.

Little Brother (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman)—Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?

Mr. Smiler—Yes; very well, indeed.

Little Brother—Then you had better look out. Mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you.

Just Before the Battle.

Callahan—'Tis a foine neighborhood, Miss Quilty, barrin' the vagabonds ye have about!

McGrath (his rival)—Ol regrit to see, Miss Quilty, thot yer beautiful risidence is infested wid shnakes!

To Keep the Tank Full.

Jenkins (in the theater)—But why do you weep? The acting is certainly not so touching.

Timkins—Excuse me. I am bewailing the money I pay to come in.

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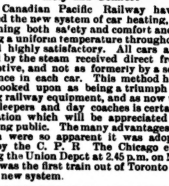
The Canadian Pacific Railway have just adopted the new system of car heating, which, combining both safety and comfort and maintaining a uniform temperature throughout, has proved highly satisfactory. All cars are now heated by the steam received direct from the locomotive, and not as formerly by a separate appliance in each car. This method has long been looked upon as being a triumph in perfecting railway equipment, and as now used in both sleepers and day coaches is certainly an innovation which will be appreciated by the traveling public. The many advantages of this system were so apparent it was adopted at once by the C. P. R. The Chicago express, leaving the Union Depot at 2.45 p.m. on November 21 was the first train out of Toronto heated by the new system.

PALMS  PALMS

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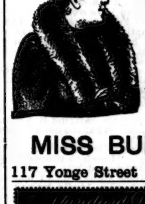

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

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CHAPTER XXI.

MONS. D'AUBRON AT BAY.

I entered the grounds of Monsieur de Feurget's villa by a small private gate, which he had shown me during the afternoon, and which had been left by some chance unopened. The greater part of the house seemed wrapped in darkness, but the light was streaming out from the room on the ground floor, which Monsieur de Feurget had shown me as his library, and the French windows were standing half open.

To act the spy seems a mean part, but the end which I had in view was of sufficient magnitude to obscure all such considerations. I could have given no real reason why I connected Monsieur de Feurget in my mind with that end, but somehow his mysterious manner and mode of questioning me had filled me with vague suspicions, and I should have hesitated at no means which had presented themselves towards putting them to the test.

I crossed the lawn softly and took up a position behind a shrub, from which I could see into the room. There were four men there—Monsieur de Feurget himself, Mr. Carlyon and his lawyer, Mr. Brown—seated round a table, but just as I arrived they all rose, leaving several packs of cards scattered carelessly about all over it. To judge from their faces, something had happened; I had seen such scenes before, when the play had not been altogether uneventful, and I could read them like a book. There was the young English gentleman, Mr. Carlyon, sitting apart with his hands in his pockets, and a very ill assumed look of indifference on his white face. There was the older gentleman making no effort at all to conceal his dismay, Monsieur D'Aubron leisurely smoke his cigarette and looking quite cool, but a little exultant; and, lastly, there was Monsieur de Feurget sitting by himself a little apart, with a curious look upon his face which I could not quite understand. He was the first to break a silence which seemed as though it had been a somewhat prolonged one, and by his manner I guessed that something was going to happen.

From where I was I could both hear and see perfectly well, although I myself was hidden. As I remarked before, I do not offer any excuse for my conduct in standing, or rather crouching there and listening. I was possessed with one thought. Monsieur de Feurget had excited a peculiar interest in me, and I had made up my mind to watch him.

I saw him throw away a cigarette which he had been smoking and advance to the table.

"Anyone interested in card tricks?" he asked quietly.

"D—m card tricks," muttered young Mr. Carlyon savagely. "I beg your pardon, Monsieur de Feurget," he added, looking a little ashamed of himself. "I didn't mean to be rude, but it was rather an unfortunate question, wasn't it?"

No one also had taken any notice of the question. Monsieur de Feurget nodded sympathetically to Mr. Carlyon, and then drawing his chair close to the table he leaned over it and selected a pack of cards in his hand. Monsieur D'Aubron looked at him curiously and I thought seemed a little disturbed. No one else took any notice.

"Gentlemen," he said suddenly, in an altered tone—so altered indeed that everyone looked at him immediately. "Will you kindly give me your attention for a minute or two?"

Everyone's eyes were riveted upon him. Monsieur D'Aubron, who was sitting just opposite, seemed to me to turn a shade paler, and the long, white fingers which held his cigarette were certainly shaking.

"We have all been heavy losers to-night, I believe, except Monsieur D'Aubron," he continued. "That is so, is it not?"

There was a vigorous assent from Mr. Brown, and a slight, weary nod from M. Carlyon. Monsieur D'Aubron shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"*La Fortune de la guerre,*" he remarked, with an attempt at levity in his tone. "Your turn to-day—mine to-morrow."

"I think not," Monsieur de Feurget replied quietly.

Monsieur D'Aubron looked up quickly, and turned a flowing face towards his host.

"I do not quite understand that remark, Monsieur," he said, haughtily.

Monsieur de Feurget shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"No? I will endeavor to explain it then. One might play with you, Monsieur D'Aubron, for a very considerable time—with these cards—and the fortune of war, as you call it, would not change."

Monsieur D'Aubron maintained his composure admirably, but he was very pale. Mr. Brown and Mr. Carlyon had drawn a little nearer to the table and were listening with bated breaths.

"At the risk of your finding me very dull, Monsieur, I must still confess that I fail to understand you," Monsieur D'Aubron declared in a clear, unshaken tone.

"I will be still more explicit then," was the calm reply. "It is necessary! You hold, I believe, Mr. Carlyon's I.O.U.'S for forty-eight thousand francs, and Mr. Brown's for nearly six thousand."

"I do not remember the amounts, but if I do what of it? How does it concern you?"

"You also claim to have won from me to-night," Monsieur de Feurget continued, disregarding the interruption, "about four thousand francs, of which I have given you a memorandum. I have to request you to tear those documents up at once."

An electric start of surprise ran through the little circle. Monsieur D'Aubron rose from his chair livid with rage.

"Monsieur de Feurget," he exclaimed in a low tone, shaking with passion, "if this is a joke on your part you are carrying it a little too far let me tell you. What the devil do you mean to insinuate?"

"Nothing! I mean to insinuate nothing," was the quiet reply. "I prefer a plainer mode of making myself understood both by you and by your victims. These cards which I hold in my hand, brought here so kindly by you in case I might be ill provided, are marked cards every one of them. You are a swindler, and you know it."

An awful spasm passed across Monsieur D'Aubron's face, and the coldness of demeanor which he had hitherto preserved left him suddenly.

"It's a d——d lie," he cried in a low, choking tone. "It's a conspiracy between you three to get out of paying your debts. Give me the cards."

He stretched out his hand, but Monsieur de Feurget shook his head, and passed them quickly behind his back to Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "to one and as to examine the pattern on the back of these cards on the top right hand corner."

Mr. Brown and Mr. Carlyon both bent eagerly over them.

"They are most certainly marked," the former declared, his voice shaking with excitement. "The exact and quality of the cards is reproduced in miniature amongst the pattern. The idea is ingenious, but most palpable."

"And if they are, how do you suppose that I know anything about it?" Monsieur D'Aubron exclaimed, making great efforts to assume a dignified position. "The cards have been changed. Very likely by one of you," he added insolently.

Monsieur de Feurget rose from his chair quite calm, and pointed to the door.

"In the face of your winnings, Monsieur D'Aubron, and—forgive me—your past reputation, any doubts as to your guilt is quite out of the question. You will oblige me by leaving this house, and the neighborhood at once. In fact, if you remain in the vicinity another twenty-four hours to-night's event shall be published in the Casino. Go!"

"I deny what you impute to me altogether, and I stand upon my rights as a nobleman and a gentleman," Monsieur D'Aubron declared in a low, passionate tone. "Your accusation is an insult, and I demand satisfaction for it."

"You shall have the satisfaction of being kicked out of this house by my servants if you dare take yourself off at once," was the quiet reply.

Quick as lightning Monsieur D'Aubron leaned across the table and struck his adversary across the mouth. Monsieur de Feurget, wholly unprepared for the blow, reeled back and nearly fell. But Monsieur D'Aubron had been a shorter one. He had scarcely recovered his position when Mr. Carlyon, who had leaped up immediately he had seen the threatened blow, quietly knocked him down with a thorough British left-hander.

He rose to his feet slowly, and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Carlyon, you at least shall answer to me for this," he said.

"When you please," was the first reply. "You're a damned scoundrel, D'Aubron, and a coward, too, to strike a blow like that, but I'll fight you."

Monsieur de Feurget turned suddenly round.

"I have changed my mind," he said quickly, "Monsieur D'Aubron, I claim the prior right."

"You shall have it," was the low, stifled reply. "The sooner the better."

Monsieur de Feurget came slowly to the window and looked out.

"I agree with you, Monsieur D'Aubron," he said. "The sooner, the better. What do you say to now? The light is only indifferent, it is true, but the conditions are fair and mutual. I can find a quiet spot and provide weapons. Mr. Brown will not object to be your second. I dare say, under the circumstances."

"The proposal is one to suit me admirably," Monsieur D'Aubron answered, eagerly. "Will Mr. Brown do me the favor?"

Mr. Brown bowed with a dignity for which one could never have given him credit. I looked at him in surprise, scarcely recognizing him.

"I cannot conceive why I should be associated with Monsieur D'Aubron in any manner whatever," he answered coldly. "Apart from that I will be no party in anything so antagonistic to my principles as a duel, and further, if we were I a fighting man, I would decline having anything to do in so preposterous an affair as a duel between a gentleman—a man of honor—and a swindler."

There was a momentary silence. Monsieur D'Aubron seemed for a moment to be on the point of striking the speaker. With a great effort, however, he restrained himself and turned away, shaking with passion.

"It is of no consequence," he said. "I have a friend in St. Marien whom a summons from me would bring here at once. If one of Monsieur de Feurget's servants cou'd take a note from me!"

Monsieur de Feurget bowed.

"But the hour," he said. "Your friend will have retired."

Monsieur D'Aubron tore a leaf from his pocket book, and shrugged his shoulders.

"He keeps late hours, as a rule, but even if he has, he will come."

He addressed the note, and it was despatched.

"In the absence of a second, Monsieur de Feurget," he said, "may I waive the ceremony, and inquire from you what weapons you choose?"

"I am indifferent, but I prefer swords," Monsieur de Feurget declared.

I saw an evil smile light up Monsieur D'Aubron's face as he turned away. Then they all came out together on to the lawn, close to where I stood, so that I held my breath for fear of being discovered, though indeed my hiding place was secure enough.

"It will be dawn in an hour," Monsieur de Feurget remarked, looking steadily towards the east. "Perhaps it is as well that we have to wait. What do you say, gentlemen, to some coffee, and in the meantime I will ask you to excuse me for a few minutes? I have a letter to write."

There were silent murmurs of assent, and the four men stepped back again into the library.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END—RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Not for the first time in the world's history it seemed as though one of the fairest on earth had been chosen for scenes of blood. Close to the edge of the cliff, and separated from the villa by a thick plantation of pine trees, was a smooth plateau of springy, green turf, shut off on one side by the cliffs, and on the other from the grounds by a winding path through the plantation. Far away below the blue waters of the Mediterranean lay sleeping, with only the firm, white yards, bearing on their bosom many dark-sailed fishing smacks, with the lanterns still faintly burning, hanging like dancing glow-worms from their masthead, for the short summer night was barely fled.

Far away in the eastern sky, the dim, early rays of the rising sun were struggling through a gorgeous bank of clouds, casting a glowing reflection upon the waves which leaped to meet it, and long, almost transparent streaks of brilliant coloring upon the clear sky, from which the stars had scarcely vanished. The freshest of morning breezes was rippling the smooth waves and bending the dark tops of the slim, graceful pine trees. It was the most exhilarating period of the whole day. Night had passed away, but morning had barely come.

Standing on the very edge of the cliff, bareheaded, with his white hair flowing in the breeze, and his eyes fixed dreamily upon the waste of waters, stood Monsieur de Feurget. He was in his shirt and trousers only, and he was leaning slightly on a long, narrow sword. From where I stood, it seemed to me that there was a change in his face. The dark shade had passed away from his forehead, and there was a certain calmness and peculiar expression about his mobile features. He looked very unlike a man about to fight for his life; more, indeed, as if he had just come unscathed and triumphant through some fierce ordeal.

Some slight noise which I made in changing my position attracted his notice, and he turned round and saw me.

"Neillson!" he cried. "You here! Has your master returned?" he added, eagerly.

"Not yet, sir," I answered. "I have been down from the hotel, sir," I said. "Nothing has been heard of him."

"Ah!" He turned away from me, and a shade of disappointment passed over his face. His eyes were bent dreamily upon the far-off horizon, and I could see that some troubled thought was stirring him. I felt that I must speak, if only to arrest the current of his thoughts.

"It's a beautiful sunrise sir," I remarked, scarcely knowing what I said. Anything to interrupt his reverie.

"Yes, Neillson, it is," he answered. "A beautiful sunrise. I shall see it set from another world, please God," he added softly.

"You are going to fight a duel, sir?"

"I am. A duel to the death," he said smiling. "Fetch my coat here, Neillson," he went on. "That's right. Feel in that pocket and take out a letter."

I did so. It was addressed to my master.

"Neillson, when I am dead, as I shall be when the sun comes up from behind those clouds, I lay a charge upon you—a solemn charge. You must find your master—I care not where he is—you must find him, and give him that letter. Do you promise?"

"I promise," I answered faintly. "But——"

"Nay, no buts," he interrupted. "You would have me take courage, but let me tell you this, Neillson, no bridegroom on the eve of his marriage ever longed for the morrow as I long for death. Why, I have prayed and longed for it as the one boon which alone could blot out my misery. Men have called me coward—cheat. Ah! what a mockery it has sounded. I have lived on in the knowledge of such guilt as the most hardened criminal on earth might have shrunk from confessing. My existence has been a living lie and a living death, D'Aubron's sword will end it, and I shall escape at last."

The momentary fire died out of his tone, and his face grew calm again. It was a strange thing to hear him talk thus—him, Monsieur de Feurget, the philanthropist, the friend of all the poor of the neighborhood, the benefactor of the little town, whose inhabitants one and all gave enthusiastic praise when speaking of him. I knew not what answer to make.

There was a click of the little wicket gate leading from the plantation, and Mr. Carlyon and Mr. Brown appeared, followed at a little distance by Monsieur D'Aubron and a stranger. Just as they reached us Monsieur D'Aubron touched Mr. Carlyon on the shoulder.

"Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Vachey—Mr. Vachey, Mr. Carlyon."

The stranger bowed, and I observed between the two men. The former was a short, rather stout man, with pale sallow face and bead-like eyes. The contrast between him and poor Mr. Carlyon, slim, tall, and graceful, with a grave, dignified look in his handsome boyish face, was very marked.

The two men withdrew to a little distance, where their conversation did not reach me. But it was very brief, and distinguished on Mr. Carlyon's side by the most fierce eagerness. In a very few minutes the preliminaries were over, and the two men were standing side by side on guard. Then the signal was given. For about a quarter of an hour it seemed to me that Monsieur de Feurget had all the advantage. Then he seemed suddenly to grow faint and weary, his opponent was quicker to attempt a single repass. Monsieur D'Aubron grew less cautious, and very nearly paid the penalty with his life. It was the most exciting wounded by a deadly thrust in tierce which he only half parried, and was compelled to rest for a moment.

When they re-commenced Monsieur de Feurget appeared for the first time to put forth all his powers. A dozen times he held his opponent's life in his hands by the so-called impossible feint which Monsieur D'Aubron utterly failed to parry, but on each occasion he lowered his sword without giving any serious mischief. The end seemed to all of us assured, and I began to think of his prophecy with a smile. Suddenly there came an interruption. The intense, almost breathless stillness was broken by the sound of quick, hurrying footsteps through the plantation, and we all turned to look. With his hand upon the gate stood my master, pale and travel-stained, and by his side was a tall, white-haired woman of stately carriage, and dressed in the long, plain robe of a sister of mercy. I looked at her for a moment, and then a great cry burst from my lips. Was I dreaming, or had this woman risen up from the dead? Surely this was Cecile D'Auberville. She, whom my master had loved and married. She, on whose fair, white arm he had clasped the bracelet, which, by some strange fate was ever before me, the victim of that murder which it was sure madness for me to think upon.

An awful cry rang out to the still morning sky, and I saw her throw up her arms in horror. I followed her rapt gaze, and I saw at once what had happened. Lying on the ground, supported in Mr. Carlyon's arms, was Monsieur de Feurget, with his adversary's rapier through his lungs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DUEL ON THE CLIFFS.

There are some sensations so appalling and so hideous in their effect that all power of speech or movement flies before them. I would have cried out or have hurried as fast as my tottering limbs could bear me towards the little group who were supporting the wounded man, but I could not. I was like a man in the throes of a ghastly nightmare, who sees himself a passive actor in a sickening tragedy, but whose limbs refuse to obey his impulses. I could do nothing—nothing save watch with fascinated, distended eyes the tableau before me. Afterwards, it seemed strange to me that my brain, already overtaxed, was able to bear the strain with which my senses changed it.

I saw Monsieur D'Aubron withdraw his quivering sword from his opponent's body, and wipe it with deliberate coolness upon the grass. I saw the wounded man's eyes fixed with a glazed, horrible intensity upon the tall, black robed woman—ghost I thought her then—at the wicket gate. And finally, I saw her move swiftly forward over the smooth turf, and, bending over him, gaze anxiously into his convulsed face.

She would have taken his hand but he dragged it away from her with a low moaning cry. Great beads of perspiration were standing out upon his forehead, and I thought that seemed almost as though they must leave his head. But most fearful of all to witness was the frantic horror with which he shrank back from the pale, pitying face so close to his.

"Marie," he cried. "Oh, my God, spare me this! Anything I tell you! Oh, let me be! Away! Away!"

He held out his hands feebly as though to shut out the sight of her. With a look of wonder in her calm face she sank on her knees by his side and whispered softly to him—yet not so softly but that my quickened hearing caught the sound of her clear voice.

"Victor, Victor! Don't you know me? It is not Marie! It is I, her sister, Cecile."

He looked at her half doubtingly, but in a moment or two he was convinced.

"I thought you were dead, my sister."

"Dead to the world, Victor! Dead to all former ties. Yet, as you see, I live in the flesh, alive. I have come from a seclusion which I had hoped never to have left, to undertake a mournful task."

A great relief crept slowly into his face. He drew a long breath and tried to raise himself a little. At the sight I made another effort to move and this time I was successful, I approached, and kneeling down supported him in my arms.

"Neillson has sent you both here," he said in a firmer tone. "I am thankful! Stand here by my side and listen. I am crossing the threshold of death, and I have an awful confession to make."

"I have come to hear it, Victor," she answered, in a blank mystery to us now. You must clear it up."

"God give me strength," he prayed. Then he glanced around, but it was needless. The others had left us, and we were alone in the flesh, alive. I have come from a seclusion which I had hoped never to have left, to undertake a mournful task."

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"My time is short," he went on, speaking with difficulty in a hoarse broken undertone. "Listen, all of you. Ay, come close to me—close as you will. You will shrink far enough away presently. The people round here, what do they call me? Pious! good! honest! generous! Ah, the hypocrisy of it. Listen, I am the blackest sinner upon God's earth!

"Cecile, you know how I loved your sister. It was the one great over-mastering passion of my life. For her sake I gave up my dreams of the church. To win her love I renounced without a single regret the calling which before had seemed to me the only means of attaining to earthly happiness. I became her blind slave, a hanger-on, a parasite upon her father's bounty, a sharer, although an unwilling one, in pastimes and scenes which before I had looked upon only with scorn. And with what did she repay me? With her love? Alas, no. She married me, it is true, but it was a sorry compact, in less than a week my happiness was blasted for ever. To you, Cecile, her sister, I say nothing of the early days of our wedded life. I will only say that we were not happy, and before what we called our honeymoon was over I had discovered her secret. She never loved me. Worse than that, she loved someone else. She loved your father, Lord Alceston—she had always loved him—and she was a woman who knew how to love. She had married me merely because she was homeless and I was rich. I was a cypher only in her eyes—rather hateful to her than otherwise. At the end of the year she told me that she could live with me no longer, and we separated.

"It broke my heart, but I crept into solitude and hid my grief from the world. I sent Marie daughter to a convent school and I lived here alone, fighting with my trouble and seeking to ease it by lightening the sorrows of others. Year after year passed away and the mature middle age stole upon me before my time. My heavy burden of grief grew no less—still I endured. At regular intervals I heard of your success, Cecile. Think of me as meanly as you like, Cecile, I had her watched by private agents, and so keenly that her slightest action I knew of. By accident one day she discovered it, and from that time she refused to touch one penny of my money. She kept her word and from that time she supported herself.

"Even then I continued to help her, although indirectly, and unknown to her. And I was glad that she should have her watched, for I could not bear the thought that she might have to struggle against sickness or want. I heard of your visit to you, Cecile, and your journey to Paris, alas, that visit had suggested a fatal idea to her. She heard from you that the Earl Lord Alceston was expected in Paris and from that moment the spirit of evil took possession of her. I know that her master had loved your father, Lord Alceston. When he preferred you, Cecile, that love changed into another, a lower feeling. How far Lord Alceston was to blame, I cannot tell. But Marie must have believed herself injured, or she would never have nursed her feelings through many years and then concentrated them in an ill fated scheme for revenge. She had a bracelet made like yours, Cecile. She took humble lodgings in London, and one night she sent him a note telling him that his wife, Cecile, lived, and bidding him go to her at once. I knew this, for I followed her to London, with the one hope of saving her honor, and myself from shame. I had taken my daughter with me in the last desperating hope that the sight of her child, whom she had never seen since babyhood, might soften her. Alas! Alas! Alas!"

Suddenly there was a rush of blood from his mouth, and he fell back ghastly pale, with the agony of death written in his pallid features and lustreless eyes. Almost at the same moment the wicket gate opened, and a doctor and the village priest in his long robes appeared. The former hurried up, and dropping on his knee began a hasty examination, but he shook his head almost immediately.

"Hemorrhage has set in," he pronounced. "Monsieur de Feurget, I can do nothing for you. Alas! you have but a few minutes to live!"

He stood back and the village priest took his place. Far away from over the dancing, sparkling sea a breath of fresh morning air swept softly across the little plateau, its faint cooing mingled with the aromatic perfumes of the wild flowers which clambered up the cliff side and grew in brilliant little patches close to the edge. It seemed to revive him. The stream of blood had ceased, and he motioned to us to raise him a little.

"God give me strength to finish," he prayed. "Father, stand by my side. You have heard my confession; you have seen my agony! You know all. Come near, Lord Alceston. I can only whisper.

"It was at night I went to see her. For two days I had lingered about the door, lacking the courage to go in and plead with her. I went with pity and love in my heart. I went to make one last appeal; to tell her of our child, and to save her from shame. My child lives, and lived alone, cast off by me, was still as strong as ever. I would have done anything in the world which she had asked. I only wanted her back again, cruelly though she had used me. I went prepared to make any sacrifice so that I might gain my end.

"Oh, my God, my God!" he moaned. "It was a cruel thing to send me there that one night of all others and at that hour. I met him—your father, Lord Alceston—coming away from the house. How I kept my hands from him then I cannot tell. But I did. I let him pass without word or sign. I went to her. It was cruel how she received me. She never wished to look upon my face again, she said. She hated me. She hated our child. She would not hear me speak. She bade me go. In less than five minutes I left the house, a raving madman. I followed Lord Alceston home. I saw him enter his house by a private door, and in his haste he left the key outside. I took it, and in a few minutes I followed him softly.

"I was in a great, dimly lit room lined with books—his library; but it was empty. I walked restlessly up and down, waiting for him; but he did not come. In an evil moment my attention was attracted by a long row of curious, gleaming daggers in a dark oak cabinet. From the moment my eyes fell upon the bright steel I became a fiend. I felt the desire to kill spring up within me. From that moment I was a murderer.

"My mind seemed to creep from Lord Alceston's lips, and I saw the woman by his side shudder with a horror too deep for expression. I neither interrupted him by any articulate word.

"If ever man in the world was mad, I was mad then. I listened. From another part of the house I could hear the sweet, musical voice the sound of many voices. But there was no one near—no one at hand to disturb me.

"I took one of the daggers—the one with the bluest steel and the sharpest point I could find. Then I let myself out of the room by the pri- vate door, and crept softly down the hall. I rushed away. I bought a disguise at a low rag shop on the way. The cunning of the devil seemed to come to me. I got an empty room next to hers, and when the house was silent I stole in to her. I killed her! I killed her, with her beautiful face flushing its hatred at me—with the mocking, scornful words still upon her lips! Then I hurried from the house back to Grosvenor square. The thirst for blood was upon me. A maniacal fury seemed to burn in my veins. I stole again into the dimly lit library. Still it was empty. But I waited.

"Towards morning he came. I heard his slow footsteps outside, and I hid myself. I watched him sit down at his desk, and I planned to myself how I would kill him. I meant to strangle him; but as I crept out from my hiding-place I made some slight noise. He started and looked round. I just managed to escape detection, and while he was ringing for his servant I slipped behind the screen and out into the passage.

"Through the keyhole I watched you, Neillson, arrive. I saw you search the room. I heard Lord Alceston decide that it must have been his fancy. He settled down to write again, and soon with added caution I stole into the room. I drew another dagger from the case, and, God help me! I killed him!

"I rushed out into the street, with his death cry ringing in my ears. At the first breath of cold air sanity began to return. The instinct of self-preservation came upon me, and I turned and fled. I went to Dover, and came back again, half-determined to give myself up. Then my senses slowly returned, and I knew what I had done! I thought of my daughter, and for her sake I held my peace. Still I was reckless. On the pretense of identifying her I looked once more into my wife's beautiful unknown, unrecognized, I followed her to the grave. Then we came back here and my tortures commenced. Day by day I lived a very hell of remorse and agony. Another man was suspected! If he should be arrested I must give myself up. Marie would know all—would know that her father was a murderer! Such a murderer! The anguish I have suffered no words of mine could depict. Hell can offer no greater torment than earth has punished me with. And now she will know! Marie will know! She will hate her father! She will loathe his memory forever! Oh, Death, come to me quickly, or I shall die a raving madman!"

It was an awful moment—an awful sight to look upon. A dying man fighting for his last breath with such words upon his lips! Strong though he was, my master was shaking in every limb with emotion, and the black robed woman who stood by his side had turned a little away with her face hidden in her hands, as though the sight were too terrible for her. The priest, with trembling fingers, drew out a cross from his robe, and held it before the eyes of the dying man, but he pushed him aside roughly away.

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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY. PRICE 25¢

"Lord Alceston!" he cried.

There was no answer. I saw my master shrink away, compassion struggling in vain with horror in his white face.

"Lord Alceston, come nearer. In a few minutes I shall stand before another judge to answer for my crime. I do not ask forgiveness. But Marie! She will know all! She will curse my memory! I shall have robbed her of you, the man she loved! Ah!"

We followed his outstretched trembling fingers. At the gate, loosely clad in a plain white dressing-gown, with her long hair streaming in the breeze, stood Marie. She was gazing at us as though petrified with horror, clinging with one arm to a slender pine tree for support, and with the other pressed against her forehead.

"My father! my father!" she pleaded, the words at last bursting from her frozen lips. "What is the matter? What has happened? The life! Can none of you tell me?"

She looked towards us each in turn. None of us could speak. With trembling fingers she strove to open the postern. The dying man shivered all over and covered his face with his hands.

I glanced towards my master. His face was deadly pale and his lips were moving as though in prayer. Suddenly he stooped down.

"Look up," he whispered, "and bid your daughter farewell. She shall think of you always as she does now. As her husband swear it. You alone shall answer for your sins; and may God have mercy upon you!"

Like magic was the effect of the hoarse whispered words. Again the light leaped into the dying man's eyes, and peace shone in his sorrowful face. The priest again held the cross before his eyes, and this time he nodded and smiled faintly. One hand Marie grasped, and carried it to her lips, where the hot scalding tears fell fast upon it; the other Lord Alceston took and held in his own.

A moment's deep stillness, and it was over. As suddenly as it had come the light died out of his fast dimmed eyes, and the smile slowly faded from his lips. But the peace remained.

High up in the heavens the morning sun burst away from the fleecy banks of restraining clouds, casting long shadows upon the blue sea, which danced and sparkled in its rays. And as he lay there, with the soft sunlight playing upon the white face, lying so calm and still amongst the softly waving, brilliantly colored wild flowers, the agony of the last hour might surely have been a dream.

THE END.

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Laddie.

(Written for Saturday Night by Marion Lisle.)

It was not at all an aristocratic boarding-house, nor was there anything of the lower class about it. It was simply a highly respectable, unpretentious dwelling on a well known street in the city, convenient to the "business part."

Often now, as I sit by my own fireside, my thoughts wander back to the year I spent there, and to my fellow-lodgers. Our landlady was a widow, a worthy woman and a most excellent cook, which was the important thing concerning her, to us. She always served good meals, and we could never echo the usual lodger's complaint of half-cooked beef and rank butter.

There were six of us altogether, and a worthy six we were. If I were going to enumerate us, giving are the preference, I should begin with Miss Hicks. We never could determine just what her age was, but Lisette said she was certain that forty would never pass her way again. But then, Lisette was often wrong. At any rate, Miss Hicks was a conventional old maid, tall and angular, with sharp features and a sharper tongue. She was a dressmaker, forewoman in a large store in the city, and she considered herself a person of no mean importance. Beside that, she was of strict moral principles and not at all "inclined to levity," as she would say with a withering glance at Lisette, who would—naughty maiden that she was—raise her dark, arched eyebrows and shrug her pretty shoulders provokingly.

Lisette was young and pretty. I think I had better give her a paragraph here, not because I mean to insinuate she came next in age, but having mentioned her "in the foregoing"—as the papers say—you will be curious about her. She was a favorite soubrette of the day, and a pretty, attractive little creature, with bright, dark eyes and soft, wavy hair. Miss Hicks used to say she was heartless, but there she wronged Lisette as we afterwards found. We were all very fond of her and liked to hear the gay, ringing laugh and light, happy tones of the girls about the dull house.

The rest of us consisted of two students, law hopefuls, I think; myself, a poorly-paid book-keeper, and Laddie.

I had been there a month when he came, —brave boy Laddie—with his fearless, gray eyes and boyish merry face. He was just seventeen and the "only son of his mother," who was seeking to give her boy the advantages of a good education. So Laddie had come to the city to attend the University and to board at Mrs. Watson's.

From the first we called him by that sobriquet—I think it was Lisette who gave it him. She said he reminded her of her favorite song—Laddie, and so she christened him. And how fond we all grew of him! Even Miss Hicks would unbend the grave severity of her countenance at his merry jokes and boyish tales of college exploits. And Laddie was very chivalrous. He was equally courteous to Miss Hicks and Lisette, paying as much attention to the wants of the grim spinster as to those of the bright-eyed little maiden, and this I think helped him to win the former's heart. As for the latter—Ah well! poor Laddie. We noted with laughing eyes his growing passion for our little soubrette. She was his first love and he worshipped her. And Lisette, like every other woman, was conscious of her power and teased him unmercifully. I do not think, nay I am sure she did not know how deeply she wounded him sometimes by her slights or her careless indifference. His boyish face would pale suddenly under some cutting word of hers, or his merry lips compress themselves hardly at some of her thoughtless taunts, but he bore everything silently; and we watched the little by-by, amused.

"He is worth ten of her," Miss Hicks used to say resentfully, when some action of the girl's had made the boyish face downcast. Laddie was very fond of his mother, he never forgot to write her long interesting letters full of his life in town and his pursuits; there seemed to be perfect confidence between them.

"I wish you knew my mother, Jack!" he would sometimes say to me, and I could echo this wish. Of Mrs. Watson he had made a warm friend. He performed little trivial acts of kindness for her which none of the rest of us ever thought of doing, but which seemed to come natural to him. In fact, he made all of us warm friends. One night Lisette was going to sing in one of the theaters, and I was going to escort her down. As I came from my room, down the corridor, I saw her standing in the lower hall, beneath the gas jet, talking to Laddie. She looked very sweet and pretty. She wore a dress of white filmy stuff and bare arms and neck were bare. A pure white rose nestled in the coils of her dark hair and in her hand she held a bunch of the same flowers. Laddie was gazing at her with his soul in his eyes.

"You will wear them, Lisette?" I heard him say with a thrill of passion in his young boy's voice. I was almost angry then at Lisette's light laugh. Why will women be so cruel? "I suppose I will, have to," she said, "seeing I have no others."

That she had wounded him sorely I knew by the expression on the fair, young face, and just then she spied me coming down the stairs.

"Hurry up, Jack," she cried, in her shrill, sweet treble; "we are late as it is." She drew her light cloak about her, and we went out together with never a farewell word to Laddie.

Ah, Lisette! By that thoughtless act you forged a life-long trouble for yourself, my child."

She sang specially well that night and was loudly applauded. Yet during the play I seemed to see a boyish face before me with a look of pain upon it. That seemed unnatural there, and after it was over and I went for Lisette, she was unusually quiet. We went home silently, neither of us disposed to say much, and when we came near the house we were surprised to see a light in the parlor as in the hall. For it was very late and we were a moderate lot in regard to our night hours. I felt Lisette's fingers tremble on my arm, but I ran briskly up the steps and rang the bell. The servant maid opened the door and I saw that her eyes were red and full of tears.

"What's the matter?" I said, "anything happened."

Lisette's face had turned ghastly white. At that moment Miss Hicks appeared at the parlor door.

"Laddie has been run over in trying to save a child," she said quietly.

There was a cry at my side, such a cry as I pray God I may never hear again, and I turned just in time to save Lisette from falling to the floor.

"Is he dead?" I said breathlessly.

"Come and see," she answered.

I carried Lisette into the room and laid her on a sofa, while the maid attended to her. Then I turned with Miss Hicks to where he lay.

Brave boy Laddie, with his gray eyes closed forever and a smile on his boyish lips.

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No Profit There.

Superintendent—How is this, Murphy? Ten cents all you took in on your round trip?

Conductor—Yes, sir. I struck an orphan asylum picnic. They went down and back with me, and every one of 'em, savin' the woman in charge, was under age.

Excursions.

Special excursions to California and Mexico, at lowest rates, via the Great Wabash line, the shortest, best and quickest route to all west and south-western points. People who like solid comfort always travel via the Banner route, which runs the finest equipped trains on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 23 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Double Entendre.

A certain well known man of letters received from a friend of much ambition, but small literary talent, a volume of portentious length, which he was requested to read and criticise for its author's benefit. For a moment the recipient of the ponderous trash was staggered by the weight of the burden laid upon him; then a happy inspiration seized him, and, snatching up his pen, he addressed to his tormentor the following note: "Dear X., I have received your book, and shall lose no time in reading it!"

A Warm Day.

The best method to resolve doubt into certainty, if any such doubt exists as to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, is to use it and be convinced. A warm day is a good day for experiment upon any form of pain, and for such St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

Managing Tramps.

Mistress—Did any one call while I was out?

Servant—No one, ma'am, exceptin' a tramp. He wanted somethin' to eat, but I told him there was nothin' ready, an' he'd have to wait till th' leddy of the house got back from the cooking-school, an' mebby she'd make him something.

Mistress—Of all things! Did he wait?

Servant—No, ma'am. He runned.

DANDRUFF.—If you wish a preparation upon which you can rely for the complete destruction of dandruff, use Capilline and you will be satisfied.

Spokesman for Party—Will you tell the minister, please, that while there's so much fever a'ready 'round, our parents don't want us to come to Sunday school; and please can you tell us in what pond his son caught that big fish, yesterday?

Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Nov. 23 via Erie & Lehigh Valley Railways.

Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good to return up to December 3, inclusive. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p.m. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Turkey in Asia.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Result of Early Training.

Prisoner—Yessir. When I was a boy, she'd never let me pitch buttons or play marbles for keeps, or snake cookies, or anything.

Missionary—What has that to do with it?

Prisoner—You see, when I growed up I was so darned innocent and conscientious that I couldn't earn a honest living, and I had ter steal.

Consistent.

"You seem to be in high spirits. Heard some good news? Going to get married?" asked the friend.

"Oh, no; it's better than that. I've just got a letter from the editor of *The Ladies' Magazine*, inclosing a check for fifty dollars in payment of my article on Economy in Dress, and I am going right now to buy me a new brocaded silk velvet dress, made in the latest style, if it takes every cent of the fifty dollars."

And the Lynching Proceeded.

Stranger—What's the trouble here?

Native—There's been a shootin' match, and now there's goin' to be a lynchin.'

"Did he kill anyone?"

"Who?"

"The man they are going to lynch."

"Naw. That's jist the trouble. He missed him, and he ought to have known better; it's a disgrace to the town, an' we're goin' to get rid of him.—*Yankee Blade.*

The Dance at Shade Crossing.

Mr. Legitime Bronson—All right, Miss Wallinf'd; I know it's yo' nex' turn wivout yo clappin' meh on d' back fer t' remine meh.

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Tommy (to his bosom friend, Bobby)—I got a penny every day if I take my cod liver oil.

Bobby—Do you? And what do you do with it?

Tommy—Oh, mamma puts it in a money box until it gets to three shillings, and then buys another bottle of cod liver oil.

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A. PETIN, M. D., L. C. P.,
France.

A German Breakdown.

"Have you called upon the Van Rensselaer O'Flaherty?"

"Yes; I heard they were going to give a german, so I called yesterday."

"I heard that the german was not coming off, so I didn't call."

The Unpardonable Affront.

There is no injury that may not be forgiven, but a slight never. The one is directed against our interests, our character, our very life; the other is aimed at our vanity.

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DISCOVERED BY A

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The unprecedented success which attends the use of Dr. MASON'S Vegetable Cancer Cure demands that the public should be made better acquainted with his manner of treatment and the results following its use.

Cancer, owing to its terrible nature, is fatality and frightful increase, demanding the attention of those skilled in healing the ills of mankind; still but few have been willing to give it their undivided attention as the disease certainly demands. Those giving it their attention have only given it a surface study and surface treatment, failing to distinguish between cause and effect.

Surface treatment has proved, in most cases, to give only temporary relief. Nineteen cases out of twenty KNIFE and PLASTER have failed to cure. These applications are productive of the most extreme suffering, debilitating and destructive to the whole physical organization, forcing the cancer virus to every part of the human body, almost certain to return again. Connected with these operations is an enormous expense, to say nothing of the bodily suffering the patient must endure under treatment of either knife or plaster.

The discovery of Dr. Mason is a constitutional treatment for Cancers, Tumors, and Ulcers—the only known remedy that cures there, the greatest of all human maladies, unaided by the knife or plaster. A purely Vegetable Compound of roots, herbs and barks, containing no minerals or poisons.

It is harmless, strengthening the whole human system, entailing no inconvenience, pain or suffering of any kind, and by its use the patient can enjoy the comforts of friends, family and home. The treatment of either the knife or the plaster forces the patients from the comforts of home to experience the horror of the hospital.

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Unscrupulous Dealers

throughout the country, who pretend to have just received consignments of odorless and porous rainproof or waterproof garments. A very simple test will quickly prove to a purchaser the truth or falsity of the claim. If you can breathe or inhale through the cloth, it is porous; if you cannot, it is airtight, and you at once convict the dealer of unscrupulous misrepresentation.

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You may be told that the smell of a rubber mackintosh will wear off in a short time; but it will not. Everyone who has worn one knows quite well that the smell remains as long as the garment holds together, and that it gets stronger with exposure in a moist or warm atmosphere.

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Toronto Teas.

IT is highly probable that there are in Toronto at this present moment more persons discontented with their lot than in any other city in Canada. More especially is this the case in the society world of amusements and entertainments.

As an outsider, viewing things and persons from an unblassed point of view, I have had this conclusion irresistibly forced upon me. Why this should be so has not yet made itself apparent to me. I have pondered over the subject at some length—greater, indeed, than its importance demanded—and have discovered no solution.

Moving in and out among various Toronto circles, my not unobservant mind has been universally impressed with the idea that, in common with the petty jealousies inseparable from society cliques the next characteristic of any importance, shared by all alike, is a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with and an indefinable annoyance at the existing state of things.

There is everywhere to be noted a secret scorn and a poorly disguised contempt for all forms of society entertainment that happen to be most in vogue at the time. People always wish for what they have not, and cannot have. So here in Toronto, the society people are in a more or less continual state of grumbling, wishing for wilder and more satisfying forms of excitement and only *putting up* with the existing ones.

At present the small gatherings in the afternoons—the social teas—are in brisk demand and full of life. Put on with me your invisible cloak and hat and let us go and peep into the room from behind the thick folds of this curtain. With the exception of those guests who are engaged in interesting conversation, the interesting guests who are talking, or those that are really hungry, look at the half suppressed contempt to be read in the faces of the majority. A veiled majority certainly, nearly all females, but the look none the less mistakable for all that. It seems to say out loud, "My invitation here was only natural and right; my presence here is a condescension which all should value and appreciate."

Such persons despise teas.

Oh! dear me, yes. Still, for politic reasons they will go and sit out a long half hour in the over-crowded, over-heated rooms of some tea-giver, who in her inmost heart votes the whole affair equally a nuisance.

Such guests, if they are well looked after, talked to, and above all, listened to, will go home and say the tea was not bad on the whole, in fact, it was one of the nicest they have been to for some time. Next day they even consider the possibility of giving a small one themselves.

Such are the tea-goers.

As for the tea-givers, they do not ask much. Provided people will talk long and loud, provided a good proportion of men turn up, and especially if there is music, no matter of what quality, (the chief consideration being quantity) they are more than contented with the result.

When those bidden have one by one slipped out with many a dainty jibe still echoing behind them in the hall, the tea giver with sighs of "Oh! dears" will at once set to work to convince herself that the tea was a great success. Even if plain Miss Z. did sit in a corner for half an hour alone, or if, in spite of all the men she introduced to talkative old Mrs. X, that lady always seemed to have a wide empty space all round her—still, the tea "went" and, after all, she had done her duty!

Yes, she had done her duty, that was something. Thus, the teas!

Despised, scorned and possibly considered a little *infra dig.* by the goers and for the givers, merely a duty, almost a charity indeed; a charity, moreover, that does not always cover a multitude of sins.

With regard to this important factor in society life, persons here undoubtedly give an outsider the impression that they are dissatisfied with them on many issues, finding them only a mimicry of *real* teas.

Yet they flourish through the snows and only melt away into another form under the warmth of the summer suns, when on fresh, green lawns beneath the whispering trees they expand into garden parties.

The proportion of men that put in an appearance at Toronto teas is probably smaller than that in any other city in the world. In France, Germany and England the men seem to equalize matters, even if they do not preponderate; but in the cities of Canada this is not so. Doubtless the cause is to be found in the total absence of a leisure class of men. Those who at four o'clock in the afternoon leave their desks and offices after a long and tiring day's work, are certainly not faverably attracted with the prospect of talking idiotic nonsense with fussy females in a hot and circumscribed space for over half an hour. How could any one expect them to be so? It would not be reasonable.

The proportion at one of these gatherings in a popular Toronto house may be fairly estimated at from five to twenty-five; while if the market is uncertain and the cables weak, one to thirty-five is not by any means unknown.

On one occasion, indeed, I have seen (oh, yes, I do go occasionally myself!) one solitary Apollo rear his nervous form in the midst of a surging sea of bonnets and boas. On this particular occasion, I think this unique creature handed over fifty-three cups of liquid to the ladies.

I walked home with him afterwards and on the way he assured me that after handing about thirty-one cups he had tried to make his escape, but was arrested with: "Do let me introduce you to Miss Blank, who is *so* charming and says she knew your aunt" (which is being interpreted: "For pity's sake, you solitary man, do not go and leave my tea to be a mere hen party.")

In twenty-two successive attempts of a similar nature to escape, he was entrapped and each excuse for his immediate and necessary departure being a different one (he was a lawyer!), he only succeeded in branding himself as an inveterate, bare-faced and awkward liar. I may state that I myself watched the proceedings from a secure position behind the piano and a curtain, and only took my leave eventually by being rude enough not to say good-bye.

On the whole, however, teas given in Toronto seem to be much the same as teas given anywhere else.

If, as so often happens here, a tea is given merely to save oneself the trouble of numerous calls and to pay off other equally unpleasant social duties, then the chances are decidedly against the said tea being a success.

People are asked, anyhow, higgledy-piggledy, and they jumble up and mix about as well as needles will mix with marbles in a glass bottle. Such teas are what the Germans call *schrecklich*, and only serve to increase feuds, jealousies and petty individual annoyances.

A tea to prove successful should be arranged and weighed well beforehand. Only those who are sure to mix fairly well should be asked, and the more music, singing and free-and-easy feeling there is the more enjoyable will the event prove to be. This is shown by experience to be the case.

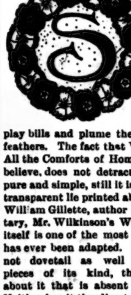
If the giver of the tea wishes a fair number of men to grace her rooms she should give her entertainment late; certainly not earlier than five o'clock.

Two small rooms, also, are better than one large one. In the former it is possible to hide, dodge and generally to avoid enemies, bores, nuisances, etc., but in the latter such improper behavior is not possible.

Teas are a healthy though slightly insipid form of entertainment, but An Outsider feels pretty sure that as long as Toronto can boast two respectable streets and as long as one-horse cars crawl along King and up Church streets, so long will the tea be favored and patronized. For the future development of such a city as Toronto depends, no doubt to a very great extent, on the degree of patronage which its inhabitants bestow on such institutions as afternoon teas, the Salvation Army and driving days in Queen's Park Rotten Row.

AN OUTSIDER.

The Drama.



PARKLING and light, All the Comforts of Home is one of those champagne-like adaptions of foreign originals, such as Dr. Bill, Jane, and The Private Secretary, the translators of which have their names printed on the play bills and plume themselves in borrowed feathers. The fact that William Gillette stole All the Comforts of Home, from the French I believe, does not detract from its excellence, pure and simple, still it is a pity to see such a transparent lie printed above the cast as "By William Gillette, author of The Private Secretary, Mr. Wilkinson's Widow, etc." The play itself is one of the most delightful farces that has ever been adapted. Though its plot does not dovetail as well as those of many pieces of its kind, there is a freshness about it that is absent from most of them. Neither has it the direct and indirect immorality of many adapted farces. There is but the barest suggestion of wickedness to season the play for the proper delectation of the audience.

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Tights have become so very common on the stage nowadays as to be a bore to nearly all theater-goers. And one yawns to see a score of "Italian" soldiery lined up on the stage, exhibiting forty nondescript legs and many—in the simplicity of the Vicar of Wakefield's language—hams grossly padded, and singing with shop-worn voices. It seems to me that the author of All the Comforts of Home has "struck it." If a stage manager wants to have tights really appreciated, let the audience have such a fleeting glimpse of them as to be really no glimpse. The audience last Monday night did not have time to see Prince Vladimir's purple extremities ere they vanished. But for that sprightly young lady to have left her limbs a moment longer unenshrouded would have been brazen and operatic and have spoiled all.

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The characters of All the Comforts of Home are of the same old material but the situations and actions are new and sparkling. A rapid young man by name of Alfred Hastings is left in charge of his uncle's residence. To raise some of the needful, he decides to rent the rooms to lodgers and offers "all the comforts of home;" gathers together a half dozen or so, which includes a jolly, flirtatious but henpecked old gentleman, his Amazonian wife and charming daughter, a nervous invalid, a dead-beat dandy, an opera singer, one of whose parts at the opera Comique is Prince Vladimir, and an unseen gentleman who wants to know the time. These people with the help of Tom McDow, the Sam-weller like *factotem* of Alfred, get themselves into a number of humorous situations, among which is the tights episode described above, and the climax comes when the jealous old uncle returns with his young wife and pretty daughter, and discovers his house in an uproar. At last everything is explained and everyone is happy.

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It will be seen that nothing but a first-class company could make the play go, and the actors who presented it at the Grand this week left nothing to be desired, and the credit of the name of Frohman is sustained by them. Miss Maud Haslam, who played Fifi Oritanski, the opera singer, is a young lady of very charming stage presence, with a delightfully mobile face, a sweet voice and most delicious wink. She acted so well as to make all her audience desire to see her again. Kate Denin-Wilson was excellent as the vigorous Mrs. Bender, and Miss Trella Foliz played her daughter Josephine in a manner delicate and pretty. Miss Pearl Means and Miss Goldie Andrews, who resembles Mrs. George S. Knight enough to be her daughter, as the wife and daughter of the jealous Mr. Pettibone did what was required of them charmingly. Mr. Samuel Edwards, as the sporty ex-produce dealer, Theodore Bender, was a host in himself. The unction of his voice and action lend themselves to the portrayal of such a jolly gentleman as Dickens created in Tracy Tupman. Mr. S. Miller Kent as Alfred Hastings, was a splendid foil for him, and Mr. Frank E. Lamb as Tom McDow, the servant who "got 'alf," was very funny. Mr. Jacques Martin as the invalid, Mr. Ayling as the non-paying chappy, and Mr. Hobson as the Scotchman were all clever. Altogether the show was a first-class attraction.

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This afternoon and evening, Sadie Scanlan, a sister of her brother, appears at the Grand in an Irish drama, Eily. There is probably nothing strikingly new in the drama, but presumably Miss Scanlan is herself a striking personality.

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I presume that Sir Edwin Arnold's recital may be spoken of in this column. Manager Wilkinson deserves the thanks of Torontonians for bringing this distinguished man of letters to Toronto, and though there is a strong suspicion of managerial youth and innocence about the officials of the Auditorium, a little more experience of the "biz" will soon remove the bloom. Sir Edwin himself is a *man*; magnificent, cultured, gentemanly, experienced. Whether he is a great poet is another question. With his redundancy and breadth of knowledge he is a great man of letters, but the philosophic truths of The Light of Asia and his other religious poems would be preferable in lucid English prose. His poetic genius is perhaps no greater than that of Clinton Scollard or a hundred other American minor poets. He has little music, but a delightful power of description and sense of color, and his shorter poems, such as The Musmee, the one relating to the pair of Egyptian threes, and some of the narrative poems are beautiful. To his many other qualifications for appearing to advantage publicly, Sir Edwin adds a beautiful rich voice which enables him to truthfully express the emotion which he feels as the author of the poems he recites. An evening in his company is an intellectual treat and certainly adds to the appreciation of his poems. Few of us possess idealism enough to read them to ourselves and improve on the author's rendering.

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A good idea of the treat in store for those who are fortunate enough to obtain seats in Association Hall on Thursday evening of next week, may be gathered from the subjoined programme, which is the bill of fare for the occasion:

(a) Song.....Marguerite.....C. A. White
As done by the emotional vocalist.
(b) Character Sketch.....Lord Fitzsoodle.....O. Rignal
In his rendering of Hamlet's Soliloquy.
Crayon Reflections.
(a) Poem.....The Fool's Prayer.....Anon
(b) Recital.....The Stutterer Cured.....Mark Twain
Another Crayon Sketch.
(a) Local Ditty.....City Affair.....O. Rignal
To a strictly Hibernian tune.
(b) Descriptive Poem.....Gallant Collins Graves.....
John Boyle O'Reilly
More Chalking.
(a) Recital....How High Little Peppod.....Mrs. J. Lawson
(b) Ballad.....Once Again.....Sullivan
A reminiscence of Sig. Rosto Peanutti.
Crayon Once Again.
(a) Character Sketch.....Gittin' On.....Eugene Field
(b) Recital.....The Bachelor.....F. Anstey
A study in strained sentiment.
Final Pencillings.
(a) Masonic Recital.....The Down Trip.....L. P. Post
(b) Oration...Mr McCoy of Donegal on Current Events....
O. Rignal
With incidental alliances till Gal'win Smith.

The plan opens at Nordheimer's, on Monday morning, December 7. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Apropos of the tank drama:

He had played with Booth and Forrest,
Knew Shakespeare all by heart,
Had sung in comic operas,
Could pantomime a part;
An adept on the banjo;
Could do a song and dance;
Took tickets at the gallery door,
And once went in advance;
Was leading man for twenty years,
And it seemed a shame to him
To have to throw a part up, just
Because he couldn't swim.

French college students in Montreal worked themselves up into an anti-Sardou ferment, and prepared to disturb the first performance of Thermidor, but the police compelled good behavior, and the bulk of the audience was enthusiastic. E. S. Willard competed with a wailing baby awhile for the attention of a Chicago audience, and then had the curtain lowered until the nuisance was abated by removal. The court decision making free to anybody's use the railroad obscene scene, so long held exclusive to Under the Gaslight, will result in its quick introduction into most of the current railroad dramas. Jack Mason, who is to have the leading light comedy *role* in The Junior Partner at Herrmann's, has been for years a stage pet of the girls in Boston. He has lately distinguished himself in the London performance of The Idler. It is the choice of him for The Junior Partner cast that led to the resignation of Sidney Drew from Charles Frohman's forces, Drew and Frohman disagreeing as to the fitness of Drew for the part. J. K. Emmet paid an aggregate of $600 in Pittsburgh police court fines for having employed a number of hack drivers in a Sunday advertising procession. Mrs. Scott-Siddons purposes reappearing on the stage, and she will use The Adventurers, a translation from Angier's play which Robertson also plagiarized in Home A Chicago scoffer asks "How would Ristori, Janauschek and Scott-Siddons do for the Three Graces?"

The composer of Mignon, Ambrose Thomas, is over eighty years old, and holds much the same place in the affections of the Parisians which the venerable Auber did in his latter years. A comedian in a company playing through the South has to represent himself as so drunk that his breath takes fire when he approaches a light. The effect is produced by gasoline and oakum. A few nights ago his breath dripped over his chin and burned him badly. Edwin Booth may accept an invitation to spend a month or two as the guest of Henry Irving in London. Balzac's Pere Goriot, one of the most unwholesome and painful stories ever written, is dramatized for use in Paris. E. D. Price is managing both Richard Mansfield and Miss Helyett, the new musical comedy success. Miss Fanny Davenport is said to be writing a book about the stage. Augustus Pitou, the organizer of the Pitou Stock Company, made his *debut* at the Walnut street Theater, Philadelphia, many years ago. He also traveled with Edwin Forrest, then joined Edwin Booth, and after a time became business manager of Booth's Theater, New York.

Art and Artists.

HEERS but does not inebriates, is sung of by the poet and is the common boon of all. Babies cry for it; schoolgirls sigh for it; maidens deny themselves it (for the benefit of their complexions); sallow old maids are said to live by it. I sing the praises of Tea, "the refreshing beverage made by infusing the leaves of the Chinese tea plant," as the dictionary has it. But what has tea to do with art? Much! much! A young man has talent. He is discovered. His patron is distinguished, rich. The patron puts up the stuff. The struggling genius goes to Paris; paints; wins a medal. True, but a thousand such medals float at large. You may buy 'em in the European pawn shops. The fledged artist is wise. Medals are so common in France. Artists in Paris are distressingly democratic; no aristocracy of patronage among them; no beautiful feudalism about art there. The artist returns to the spreading wings of his patron. There is also a patroness. Artists in Toronto, he finds, also herd together somewhat. Here is the same disgusting democracy. The artist is sad, but the patroness will make things solid. She will do it with tea. Now you understand. The artist has a "view." Tea is served, the best quality. The artists of Toronto are not invited. They are plebeian and would prefer beer. Nor are the journalists and art critics and such lewd fellows invited. But "assistry" is out in great shape. The artist is theladies' hero. They buzz and smile. "What a lovely, delicious, delightfully sweet painter!" they say. And Tea does it all. The praise, I sing, of Tea, patronage and snobbery . . . . *Comprenez vous?*

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I was late in going to see the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, the exhibition of which, at Matthews', closed on Wednesday. They were certainly worth seeing. Of course the central attraction was Lullaby, a reproduction of which is here published. The firelight effect

is beautiful and the composition and drawing all that can be desired. The sunlight is also well managed in Ploughing and the long-horned oxen well drawn, and perhaps there is nothing on exhibition better than No. 20, Flickering Sunshine and Shadow, a wood bit. A Deputation, which suggests Mr. Reid's inimitable boy-pictures, and the Leeds Bridge on the Catskills are also beautiful pictures.

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Mrs. Reid has some beautiful pieces, flowers and landscapes. No. 36, The Drinking Place, is a delightful bit of coloring, and No. 38, Daisies, and Wild Carrot, are beautiful flower pieces. No. 32, Old Bridge at Leeds, and A Path Among the Pines are splendid little pictures.

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Last Saturday morning Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, R. C. A., delivered a lecture in the Toronto Conservatory of Music School of Elocution. His subject was The Relation of Sculpture to Expression. Mr. McCarthy spoke of the common source of sculpture and painting, the uses of each, and the advantage of the sculptor in his ability to reproduce all that is beautiful in form. He showed that sculpture was an art essentially ideal, and in reviewing classic sculpture quoted the following description of Apollo Belvedere, which aptly describes the sculptor's point of view: "It is the union of all that is beautiful in thought rendered visible through matter, without the grossness of materiality." Continuing, Mr. McCarthy spoke of sculpture in the middle ages and of the evidences of the artist's soul in labor, in Michael Angelo's work. In closing, Mr. McCarthy spoke of the necessity of carrying art and beauty into our homes, instead of taking it in great gulps at public exhibitions. The lecture was a distinct success, and it is to be hoped that Mr. McCarthy will again deliver it in the city. CHAD.

Lost at Sea.

For Saturday Night.

I love a little maiden,
A dweller in the sea;
Her heart is like an angel's,
And oh, she loveth me!
As I was sailing, sailing,
I glanced down in the sea,
And there I saw this maiden
So beautiful and free.

"Oh, come to me, sweet maiden!"
I cried as down I gazed;
And when she heard me calling,
Her lovely face she raised.
"Oh, I am but a mermaid,"
She sang as down I gazed,
"And 'tis not meet a mermaid
Should by a man be praised!"

"Yet come to me, dear maiden!"
I cried again, more bold,
"That I may kiss you, maiden,
Caress your locks of gold!"
"You would not love me wholly—
You have some love of old,"
She sighed, "and I should only pine
And you would only scold!"

"Alas, alas! fair maiden,
If you'll not come to me,
Then I must come to you, love,
Down in the cold, cold sea!
For since I love you, maiden,
And you'll not loving be,
My heart, if I should leave you,
Were buried in the sea!"

So forth I plunged in sadness
Down thro' the darkling wave,
Down till the world grew silent
And billows ceased to rave;
My mother thinks me lost at sea
With not a hand to save,
But oh, I plunged to happiness
Down thro' the darkling wave.

My mermaid loves me dearly,
And all the day, full bold,
I sport with her thro' caverns
Where sleep the hulks of old.
We wander thro' the valleys
That, spreading out, enfold
Vast fields of grass that glisten
More bright than glint of gold.

Thro' streets of crimson coral,
O'er hills of golden green,
We float and fan and flutter
And dive the rocks between.
We sport on spars of amethyst,
And loll on sands all sheen;
And when the far gray sun dips down,
We sleep 'mid seaweeds green.

I love my little mermaid
Who lives down in the sea—
I do not feel the scorching tears
That shower on earth for me.
My mother thinks her boy was drowned,
But she would not, like me,
Plunge down to love and happiness
Deep in the diamond sea!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Forgive.

For Saturday Night.

I scarce can write it now. My heart grows weak.
Ah, Heaven, how those blue eyes look at me!
Even to-day I hear my darling speak,
If I could only crush my memory!
If I could but forget for one short hour
The tearful eyes, the tender, pleading voice,
The myriad kisses of earth, with all their power,
Could not so much rejoice.

Just such a day as this, when white snow fell,
And all the air outside blew crisp and cold,
We two stood here. Ah, I remember well
The wintry, morning sunlight turned to gold
The wavy hair. Her breath came hard and slow—
The firelight leaped in shadows warm and bright.
"I was unjust to you," she whispered low,
"But who is always r'ght!"

I did not see her face; I dared not turn,
Before that pleading look my pride must break,
My hands might tremble and my breast might burn,
But I could not forget the words she spake.
The hot blood suddenly had mounted to my brow,
A quick retort! Our eyes grew hard and bright.
"You will forgive all that," she pleaded now,
"I might be dead to-night."

If I could just once more beside her stand,
And fell her clinging arms around me twine!
If I could just once touch her snowy hand,
And see her dear eyes looking into mine!
But ah, I left her, holding hard my breath,
Stern, unforgiving. Heaven, shut out the sight!
Ere evening came those eyes were closed in Death,
Those hands were marble white.

Only the angels know how I have prayed
That she might see, if only once, my pain.
Only the stars looked at the kiss I laid
Upon those lips I ne'er could touch again.
Dark grows the night. Those stars are watching me;
Those angels listen as my tears flow fast,
They and my darling surely now can see
That I forgive—at last.

LAURIER DARE.

A Philipoens.

For Saturday Night.

"We will eat a philipoens,
A Boston one," he said,
As he held a cluster of cherries,
Luscious and ripe and red.

"But how?" said the innocent maiden.
"This way," he said, with a laugh.
"You hold one firmly between your lips
And each of us takes a half."

Coquettishly, with a toss of her head,
"Ah, that will never do;
Who wants the half of a cherry when one
Can as well have the favor of two?"

She poised it there 'twixt her tempting lips,
She only meant to tease,
But he snatched a kiss and the cherry, too,
Nor asked her, if you please!

"Your theory I find," he said,
"Is true as true can be,
I only meant to illustrate it,
We will not disagree;
Who wants the half of a cherry when one
Can as well have the favor of three?"

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

Wild Chamomile.

For Saturday Night.

Picking her steps I saw her pass
Just where the roadway meets the grass,
In tattered wayworn dress arrayed,
A veritable beggar maid.
A ragged shawl that once was green,
A wee white hood not very clean,
Frilled round a face the hue of rust,
And powdered well with wayside dust,
A little vagrant running wild
A hardy, pushing, pauper child.
At times she wanders up a lane,
Returning to the road again,
And round old yards and in and out
A little, loitering gad-about.
I've strolled twice her way many a mile,
The gipsy's name? Wild Chamomile.

ISABELLA ALLEN WARWICK.

Between You and Me.

WHETHER our ancestors were monkeys or not has been the subject of a good many essays and arguments, but Dr. Louis Robinson of Lewisham has con-fronted us with the horrible statement that we are a "good deal monkey" ourselves in the early hours of our life. This intrepid physician has spread a warm blanket, secured a tree branch and some hundred and fifty very, very juvenile babies, suspended each baby from the branch by its own wee clinging hands and held it aloft for a space of time varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half. To this gymnastic outrage on the newly born Dr. Robinson has added ten-fold by snapping a Kodak on the dangling mites, and putting these funny Simian-looking pictures in the *Pall Mall Budget*. In effect the bad man says, "Babies are just like small monkeys. They have the same wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, which is the great characteristic of the Simian race. Look at my Kodak pictures, how the wee things cling to the bough, with their limbs drawn up and their big toes pointing out. Aren't they exactly like monkeys?" Seeing is believing, people say, and truly those unfortunate little victims, clinging and squalling, give one an uncomfortable leaning to Darwinism.

*

Have you ever noticed how often the Queen makes a present to a bride of one or more cashmere shawls. I have, and until a few days ago I wondered why Our Good and Gracious One chose such gifts, but now the mystery is explained. In a treaty signed between the English and the Maharaja of Cashmere, away back in 1846, the following clause occurs: "Maharaja Golah Sing acknowledges the supremacy of the British Government, and will, in token of such supremacy, present annually to the British Government one horse, twelve perfect shawl goats of approved breed (six male and six female,) and three pairs of cashmere shawls." And so the Queen has always a goodly number of these charming wraps to bestow upon deserving brides.

*

I believe I asked my friends of this column to send me some ideas for Christmas presents. At all events, the postman has brought me several dainty little notes enclosing still more dainty ideas, for which my thanks are due to various sweet ladies of my paper acquaintance. Isn't this rather a cute little gift which comes "with Lilla's love," from the great city of Gotham. "The typewriter can be called into requisition in making various pretty articles for gifts. For instance, a laundry list printed on light-colored satin ribbon about six inches wide. Make a bag of it after the list is written on with the typewriter, and stuff it like a pincushion, tying it at the top with narrow ribbon of the same color. Opposite the name of each article on the list should be printed a row of figures, from one to twelve, and a box of small white headed pins must accompany the list, so that a pin may be stuck in the number corresponding to, and indicating the number of articles of that kind sent to the wash."

*

I don't know of anything so dainty and so useful and so cheap as Lilla's washing list, but any toilette article is always acceptable. A correspondent writes me to-day for some hints about Christmas gifts, and I am trying to think of something I like myself. A wild hay mat may form a bottom for a half-yard deep of quaint Indian silk, which should be slightly gathered and sewn to it with a beading of tiny pom poms. Then a wide hem on the other edge of the silk, and a pair of silk cords and tassels to draw it in over the flower-pot you will set on the hay mat, and your palm or your begonia is dressed for company. Dark, striking colors are best for these flower-pot bags—orange and black, green and garnet, dark blue and pink in some fantastic pattern.

*

A book cover is also a nice little present, made of fine cloth, cut a little larger than the book, with a row of stitching an inch or less from the edge of cover and lining, and the edges of both finely pinked out. The monogram of the owner or some seasonable wish could be painted or embroidered on the cloth, and one's own familiar friend made fonder of some well thumbed work—when it is covered with your dainty invention.

*

Another nice little gift is an opera glass bag, which may be lovely and gorgeous as you care to make it.

*

A gentleman will appreciate a dark, quiet-looking cloth bag for carrying his pumps. His monogram should adorn one side and the cords to draw it up should be strong and short. A silver shoehorn with name and date is also a dainty gift. Those with a button hook on are very handy for ladies. She who is cunning with crochet hook or knitting plus can make cosy, light chest protectors, to go on for dress shirts and vest, or a little wrap for a lady's bare shoulders. An opera cloak isn't always warm enough.

*

But enough of Christmas presents, which are not interesting to us who don't expect to get many, and have not an hour to spend in making any. Christmas is always a season of wishing and wanting, to me—not for my own betterment, but for those who really need the common everyday things and have to do without them. To-day, as I sat in my sanctum, a little woman came with a breaking heart and empty purse, and told me her pathetic tale of the big husband who had broken down, and the distress she felt for his privations. She was educated, attractive and clever, but she was penniless and I doubt not, hungry. Ah, I did not feel like writing up dainty and costly Christmas presents as my heart went after the small woman down the sanctum stairs!

*

I wonder which of my readers went to hear Sir Edwin Arnold? I know a sister scribe who did, and with whom I shall have a crow to pick when we meet, as we have picked crows on other occasions, because it does not seem to me that I ever could have discovered, by myself, the beauty or the pathos or the wisdom of what I heard from the lips of the author, in at all the same fullness His whole manner, and bearing, and tone, and expression suggested a lofty refinement and a gentlemanhood that one sees all too seldom. I was unpatriotic enough to almost resent his jump from Asiatic philosophy to Nelson and his warships. I know it is a dreadful confession to make, but I don't like war and gunpowder, and what that ridiculous man in Paola called "p'spoofing" and "wauching." I had rather run away from fight, any day, and the soldier who skedaddled—as we used to say in war days—had my liveliest sympathies. This is not frivolity, though my London correspondent says I am frivolous, but a serious lack or virtue or peculiarity which my soldier forbears should turn in their tombs over, and which, perhaps, my readers will understand in this era of arbitration.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Charles Dickens, jr., the novelist's son, is his father's successor in the editorship of *All the Year Round*, and is very prosperous in his work.

Among the Freshmen at Williams College is Prince Besolow, the son of an African chief, who is fitting himself for missionary work in his native land.

Madame Rubinstein is said to have been the influence to which her son owes much of his success in his musical career. He affirms that even after he became famous she remained his severest critic.

Mrs. M. H. Higgins of Washington has been engaged by the native women of Ceylon as director of their society for the promotion of women's education. She gives her services, receiving only her expenses as remuneration.

Domenico Nocchis, an old brigand and murderer, who had spent sixty years in prison, was recently liberated in Italy. He is eighty-three years old, and four murders, and robberies amounting to over a million francs, are credited to him.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll has returned to New York, and he made an admirable speech at the dinner given to Sir Edwin Arnold by the Lotos Club. The colonel has spent two months in the West, where he was professionally engaged in a will case involving $14,000,000.

The last of the survivors of the British officers who fought at Waterloo, is believed to have been Lieutenant-Colonel Hewitt, who has lately died in England at the age of ninety-six. An old French officer who was engaged at Waterloo still survives in the south of France.

Patti, in her Welsh castle, still keeps alive the almost obsolete custom of ringing a curfew bell. When the diva is ready to retire for the night she presses an electric button, and a gong rings through the castle, the signal, lights out, for the entire household. This is the curfew very much "up to date."

A Quakeress, Betsey Ross, is said to have made the first flag of stars and stripes used in the United States army. She did the work in a little brick house still standing on Arch street, Philadelphia, and now there is talk of buying it and moving it, as well as William Penn's house, to Chicago for the World's Fair.

The late King of Wurtemberg was very stout, as was his grandfather, the first king of the Wurtemberg family, who had so great a girth at the waistcoat that he could not reach his plate when at dinner, and it became necessary for his accommodation to cut a semicircular piece out of the table at the place where he sat.

Mrs. Evans, the new Lady Mayoress, as her official designation goes, of London, was at one time a chambermaid in a country hotel in a small Kentish town, where her future husband, then a London alderman, used to spend his winters. Her married life has been most happy, and she is now a woman of grace, dignity and intelligence.

Edouard Lochroy, the author of a book on Von Moltke that has created a sensation in Paris, has had a checkered career. He was one of Garibaldi's red-shirted irregulars and fought with him in Sicily and at Naples, was at one time an officer in a regiment of bashi-bazouks in the East, and was colonel of a company of the National Guard during the siege of Paris.

The much-mooted question of the birthplace of Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been settled by the discovery of the proper documents which show that the great actress was born in the noted Latin Quarter of Paris. Her mother was a poor Jewess, of German parentage, who kept a millinery shop in a humble building near the house in which Charlotte Corday assassinated Marat.

The juicy Concord grape takes its name from the town of Emerson and Thoreau, where it was originally cultivated and where Ephraim Bull, the man who first grew it for the table, is still living, a veteran of eighty-five years. Mr. Bull found the grape growing wild near Concord, in 1843, and after a series of experiments in improving and domesticating it, he succeeded in bringing to market the perfected grape as it is known to-day.

Cardinal Manning, who, at more than eighty years, is one of the hardest-working men in England, is likewise one of the most kindly. His manner is as simple and unaffected as that of the poorest missionary priest, and his hold on the affection of the common people of Protestant England is greater than that of even the Archbishop of Canterbury. Up to a few years ago it was his custom to preach twice on Sunday, and during the week he was always busily engaged until late at night.

The cottage in which Milton wrote Paradise Lost is still standing in an ancient little English village within easy reach of London. It is a small gabled house of four rooms, the outside plastered, but with the blackened beams showing through. In the rear is the garden through which the poet walked. Within the house everything has been arranged just as he left it—the tables on which he wrote, the stools on which he sat, and the hearth before which he felt the genial glow of the fire, even though he could not see it.

'Varsity Chat.

CAPITAL was the lecture delivered by Dr. Bryce of the Provincial Board of Health, to the students of Knox College, on Physical Exercise. It is a painful fact that the majority of our theological students, by the time they are "through," are worn out physically, and are not able to make proper use of their mental attainments. Men with hard, common sense and excellent physical powers, though not being blessed with a scholastic training, frequently meet with more success than the men of college training.

Mr. H. E. Irwin, B. A., President, at the public debate of the University College Literary and Scientific Society, gave a fine historical resume of the society. Mr. J. W. Graham was loudly applauded for his recitations. That the Action of the State should be confined to the Protection of Life and Property was the subject of debate. The affirmative speakers were Mr. J. A. McMurchy and Mr. W. P. Bull, and the negative men were Mr. J. H. Tennant and Mr. E. B. Horne. Sir Daniel Wilson presided, and decided in favor of the negative. The lady teachers from the public schools present looked quite handsome.

*

The Meds' dinner was, as was expected, a success. They are enthusiastic in whatever they undertake. The arts men might at the present time take this into their serious consideration and cease wrangling over what they briefly, if not euphoniously call the "dinner-conversat" question.

*

Secret societies were upheld at the public debate in Knox College. The speakers for the societies were Mr. H. S. McKitrick and Mr. J. Wilson, B. A., and against them were Mr. A. Lindsay, B. A., and Mr. E. A. Harrison, B. A. Mr. S. Davidson, B. A., president, in his inaugural address spoke sense. Mr. R. G. Morrison read a selection in an acceptable manner, and the college quartette, Messrs, Johnston, Grant, Hannahson and Nixon sang well.

*

Mr. F. B. Hellems presided at a meeting of the Modern Language Club on Monday night, and the German language was employed in conducting the proceedings. Those who took part were: Mr. F. C. Bell, Mr. W. E. Lingelback, Mr. F. G. Crosby, and Miss M. H. Buchan.

*

Prof. Chapman's public lecture Saturday last on the Rock-Recorded History of the Earth, was instructive and entertaining. He treated his subject so clearly that many are of the opinion that the general history of the world can as well be learned from the study of geology and kindred subjects as by reading the hundreds of romances called history.

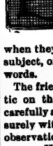
*

There are one hundred and four "co-ed's" attending 'Varsity this session and they are about to form a Literary Society of their own. For some time past they have had a conversation circle.

JUNIOR.

Football.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.



OVER so much I wanted to see a football match. There is something quite grand, an air of being "in it," you know, in being able to say to your male friends, "well, what was the score to-day?" and you feel a glow of satisfaction when they pour into your ears a tirade on the subject, of which you understand about three words.

The friends with whom I went are enthusiastic on the subject, so I determined to listen carefully and profit by their wise remarks, and surely with the aid of these and my personal observations I would get a good idea of the game. However, I didn't know then what a match was like. I have a great respect for the game now, but, as the novelists say, "This is anticipating." The game was about to begin when we appeared on the scene. Jerseys certainly are becoming, aren't they? That's one nice thing about sports, the men can wear the colors they like for once in a way, though to be sure it must be a trial to a man to find that his college colors don't suit him, but then, as the old woman said when she heard that her daughter detested her spouse, "There's always something." I was pleased with their appearance but I felt rather disgusted that they were all chewing gum. I think it's a horrid trick myself, and it just shows (thought I,) to what a pitch the habit has come when thirty young men at a football match are so employed. I poked my friend and remarked: "What on earth are they chewing for? I can't say it looks very nice." She turned a look of horror on me. "Why, they have to," she said, "or they would lose their wind!" This was a settler so I subsided. The game began and the scrambling and fighting and jostling began too. At each end of the grounds was a structure composed of two very high upright poles crossed by a third. One of these goals was the property of each side and the object of each side is to get the ball over the enemy's goal. I don't want to deceive you, so I'll explain that I only found out these facts by slow degrees. Presently my friend in her turn poked me. "Look," she said, "there is Roy." I looked and was more than ever surprised by the eccentricities of this game. Roy and another youth who, to judge by his jersey, belonged to the other side, were standing locked in each other's arms like a new edition of the Graccli. Even when the ball came flying towards them and the field rushed frantically after it, still they clung together. Roy with noble earnestness seemed striving to keep his companion from rushing towards the ball. I suppose he was afraid of his getting hurt. "Edith," said I (that being the name bestowed upon her by her god-fathers and god-mothers in her baptism) "Roy seems very fond of that boy, they are great friends I suppose?"

"Oh, no," smiled Edith, "it is only that they are half-backs, you know."

"Gracious!" thought I. "Half-backs" I didn't feel quite so ashamed of my ignorance and was able to smile a knowing smile, when a sweet-faced maiden, standing near us, lifted her brown eyes to her escort's face and murmured: "What are they playing?"

Edith turned to her. "Hockey," she said, with the air of a person imparting a piece of news (as indeed it was).

"Ah, thanks," said Miss Brown-eyes gratefully. Her escort didn't look quite pleased.

I hope Edith may be forgiven for deceiving that poor girl.

I felt rather sorry for the referee. He had to rush after the others, wherever they chose to go, and poke himself into the thick of the fight. It is a heartless sort of game. The wounded are hauled off the field and their place supplied, as it is all through life, and the game goes on. At one moment the whole field would swoop down upon us in pursuit of one who hung on like grim death to the ball. It reminded me forcibly of a hen with some tit-bit chased by all the other fowl in the yard, to wrest it from her. The others were too much interested in the game to appreciate my little joke at that time. They may grow to like it later. The whole field would then tumble pell mell on to the guardian of the ball, while I gazed in silent horror, expecting to see him, or rather, whatever was left of him, lying unconscious. Not a bit of it. He springs to his feet and chases the next man.

"That was a rush! No, a scrimmage!" says Edith excitedly.

A rush—a scrimmage! I think. It seems to me to be a cross between an Irish mob and an Indian war dance.

The game waxes wilder. The coaches, filled with men from the rival colleges, are decked with streamers of their colors, and the occupants of the said coaches are making the air hideous with their college yells, accompanied by the shrill toot-toot of the horns. Even the dogs have long ribbons tied to their necks. "Well kicked, sir!" "Good boy, Jones!" comes from all sides. The staid old dons forget their dignity and shout lustily.

Wherever the players go, there are the people. Vain it is for the burly policeman to entreat: "Stay within that line, ladies." Like Signor Benedict, though he will still be talking, nobody marks him. I have long ago become filled with the spirit of the game and wish I were a small boy that I could yell with the rest.

The fun is at its height. The whistle blows, and with cheers and shouts from everyone else, and a new sense of added dignity swelling within my breast, I find my first football match is at an end.

MOLLIE MOORE.

What They Take For Their Voice

Among the very many various voice specifics, champagne seems to be the only one which is to any degree general among singers, actors, clergymen, and others, doubtless more from its palatability than from any strengthening qualities it possesses.

The famous Madame Malibran used to drink half an hour before she commenced her part. After the meal she used to smoke a cigarette, frequently flinging the end away immediately before coming on. Many continental singers also, at the present day, drink champagne before using the voice. Dickens, it is said, used to take champagne and oysters between his readings.

Madame Lucca, the great soprano of some years back, firmly believed in a mixture of equal parts of strong black tea and claret as beneficial to the throat. She used to quaff this somewhat nasty compound between the acts.

Modern ideas as to voice specifics, however, would rejoice the heart of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The famous Madame Patti takes only seltzer water; Mr. Barton McGuckin carries with him strong smelling salts to ward off incipient colds; Madame Trebelli has a *penchant* for strawberries. Madame Christine Nilsson is an exception, however, as she prefers a glass of beer.

Sims Reeves recommends a glycerine lozenge, or, on very rare occasions, a little weak claret and water. He deprecates the use of alcoholic stimulants, saying that by long experience he has found it better to do without them entirely. Miss Lilla Lehmann corroborates this, mentioning a little plain water, not iced, or a black-currant lozenge as being quite sufficient. Mr. Lloyd, who is now probably the leading English tenor, never goes anywhere without quinine, though this is more for feverish colds than to strengthen his voice. Mr. Spurgeon advises his students to use plenty of pepper with their food when contemplating an unusual effort of the voice.

Although tobacco might be regarded as one of the worst possible things for the throat, yet many famous vocalists have been known to take snuff. Mr. Santley objects to smoking cigarettes, finding them hurtful to his voice; but on the other hand, Mario was a great smoker, and his voice remained clear and sweet for a great number of years. Sontag, too, the preacher, smoked often on the day of his public readings. Ferenczy, a Russian tenor of some note, always smoked a couple of cigars immediately before singing.

Another Convenience.

The nickel in the slot library is designed for the convenience of travelers. In consists of a box, fitted with a glass front, through which the titles of the books within may be clearly seen. Each box forms a library, and is divided into as many sections as may be needed, and each section holds one book. Any one wishing to take a volume from the library places a penny in the slot of the section containing the selected book, and on pressing back a small lever attached to the section holding that book, the door is freed and the book can be taken out. The door of the section out of which a book has been taken will not close until the book is replaced.

Why She Left.

Mistress—What! going to leave already! Why you have not been here a week!

Maid—I know it, mum; but I can't stand it here. Things run too smooth-like, mum.

Mistress—Why, what can you mean?

Maid—You see, mum, I has always been in places where they keep three servants.

Mistress—Oh, you are lonesome, then!

Maid—No, mum, not lonesome; but, you see, I misses the confusion.

An Innocuous Bird

Young Lady—That parrot you sold me last week doesn't talk at all.

Dealer—Yes'm; you said you wanted one that wouldn't be a nuisance to the neighbors.

A Serenade.

Under your window my heart sings a song
Each time that I go past;
It sings; I have found her, found her,
found her—
Found my love at last!
But who shall sing in the city's street—
Whatever the time his heart may beat?
The grim policeman never can know
That a lover's fancies to music go.
And yet my heart will sing its song—
The heart that has waited for you so
long—
It sings: I have found her, found
her, found her—
Found my love at last!

And it's oh! for the happier olden time
When a lover could sing at the door,
And the watchman never would call the
time
Till the serenade was o'er.
In his bright blue coat with a collar that
rolled,
He sang the song that never grows old,
And the watchman heard, and his eyes grew
dim,
For love in his time had come to him,
And perhaps he too had sung in his day,
Somewhere down the Bouverie Way,
The song: I have found her, found
her, found her—
My love for evermore!

Yet under your window my heart sings its
song,
That no watchman ever can hear:
He never can hear it, hear it, hear it,
For it's only for you, my dear!
But if you should hear my step as I go,
Hark as you lie on your pillow and know
That your lover goes by with a song in his
heart
For two souls set from the world apart,
A simple old song, but a dear old song—
Lovers have sung it for ever so long—
They sing it to-day as in days long
past—
It goes: I have found her, found her,
found her—
Found my love at last!

—*H. C. Bunner in Puck*

At Camp-Meeting.

"Now, Sis' Honnor, you was in de wrong. I want you to listen to me, an' don't fly up"—

—"My Lord! ain't dat chile contrary?"

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNMASKING.

Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only Eleonora
Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.
—*Robert Browning.*

"Perhaps you are blaming me for Mr. Price's illness!" said the girl, her eyes as of a level as the flashing eyes of Dr. Graham upon her. "I am sorry if you or he believe that; but I can clear myself if you do."

Conyers, in a swift glance, once more became aware of her presence; but she gave no sign of her knowledge of this.

"I may have been in the master's service but a short time compared with the length of the service of his other servants, but I have been faithful in spite of any suspicion, as Mrs. Leonard can tell you." She glanced toward the housekeeper, but waited for no corroboration of her words. "I was commanded to be faithful, and I have kept my promise to do my best. I knew that the master was often ill in the night, and that Conyers was with him. I think he has been faithful as well as I. Anyway, I have watched him constantly, and nothing has gone wrong, I know."

The valet once more glanced down upon her, surprised at the earnestness of her voice.

"Very well," said Dr. Graham quietly. "I am glad that you can speak so positively, Emma. Please go on."

The girl courtsied; she forgot to finger her apron in her eagerness to prove her truth. Mrs. Carmichael's eyes were upon her, and she knew it, but was not at all disconcerted. Even Mrs. Leonard looked astonished at her assurance.

"I know that you suspected Conyers and me of harming Mr. Price. You said as much and looked it. Conyers suspected me. And yet I could not explain, for I had promised to be silent until given leave to speak."

"You talk in riddles," said Dr. Graham coldly. "This is no child's play, Emma. Be kind enough to hurry your explanation."

The girl showed no sign of irritation or discomfiture at his sternness.

"I learned that there was danger threatening Mr. Price," she said, in her pretty, shy manner. "He is too kind to every one, sir, to be hastened. I was sent to see that nothing should prove fatal to him. The cream that was poisoned a few weeks ago I threw away as soon as I discovered that it made Mr. Price ill, even though Mrs. Leonard told me to save it for you, because I had my own suspicions and feared that it would be used against you. You will understand presently, Dr. Graham. At the time you were angry, believing that I disobeyed you from a wish to harm him. You called Conyers and me up here. I knew that you—and Conyers—believed that I was actuated by an evil motive. Mrs. Carmichael was the only one who knew better."

"I am glad that you and Mrs. Carmichael understand each other so well, Emma," said Price kindly, with a smile that lightened the girl's face and that was not lost upon Mrs. Carmichael.

A peculiar smile crossed the girl's lips.

"She sent me here," she said quietly, with a glance toward the nurse, answered by a flashing glance from the gray eyes meeting hers; "and she can better tell you the rest than I."

"Of whom are you speaking?" demanded Graham sternly.

"Mrs. Carmichael," answered Emma, in a low tone.

Price turned toward her as the doctor said, in a half displeased surprise:

"I thought that I understood and could trust Mrs. Carmichael, but it seems that one of your servants is better informed than I, Price. What has Mrs. Carmichael to answer to this charge?"

The gentle, white-haired nurse stepped forward in a sweetly dignified manner, as though she would force back any rash speech and utter only quiet words. Mrs. Leonard was listening to this strange scene in extreme amazement.

"When I called upon Doctor Graham," said Mrs. Carmichael, addressing Price more than the physician, "I possessed such personal proofs of the attempt made upon your life as considered it a criminal offence not to do what I could to protect you from harm. I hesitated about making it known to the proper authorities, because the knowledge came to me under peculiar circumstances, and my statement might not be believed, besides the unpleasant notoriety that would undoubtedly follow such a revelation. Doctor Graham knows this part of the matter. The rest of the story is that, after some time of indecision, I went to a detective bureau and made known enough of the plot against Mr. Price's life to secure the service of a woman (detective) for our service here. This was gained without trouble—"

"And this is the woman!" interrupted Dr. Graham, in a tone of chagrin at his own blunder, indicating the girl Emma with a motion of his hand.

Mrs. Carmichael bowed.

"This is the woman," she said softly. "Through her I was kept constantly informed of what passed here, but knowing more of the circumstances relating to the case than I wished to make known, and, learning that Mr. Price was failing, I offered my own services to Dr. Graham, going to him with a letter of introduction from Dr. Oldham of New York, who was a friend as well as the physician of the person plotting the murder. This letter was gained only after much delay and argument, on that it was gained, my presence signifies. Dr. Oldham as well as I knew more of this matter than he cared to make known.

"My plan of coming personally was approved by Miss Rockwood—Miss Rockwood, formerly the girl 'Emma'—and I chose this character of nurse, for only in this way was I enabled to be continually in the sick room. I have accomplished the errand for which I came. The person who planned this scheme is known to us all, but I shall not name her. It is a woman, yes. Her accomplice in the plotting we have also discovered, as well as the cowardly inmate of this house who was bribed and frightened into administering the poison."

Conyers instinctively felt that the eyes of all were upon him, but his eyes did not falter from meeting squarely those of his master.

"And now," added Mrs. Carmichael, in her sweet, quiet voice, with a pretty gesture of appeal toward Mr. Price, "in order to finish this scene, may I summon one of your servants, Mr. Price? For there is one more actor."

Price smiled. Lee Price's smile was good to see.

"Any thing that Mrs. Carmichael desires is at her disposal always, Jack, you know. You are at liberty to summon whom you will of my household, Mrs. Carmichael. I will agree to anything to restore the old even tenor of our life and remove suspicion from all but him who is guilty."

Mrs. Carmichael smiled upon this kindly-spirited man, but the slightest gesture of her hands was still more effective in its betrayal that justice and not revenge demanded the unmasking of him who was guilty. She was a woman and pitiful, but the innocent should not suffer.

"I have positive proof of what I assert, Mr. Price; otherwise I should not dare to make the accusation."

"We have no doubt of it," said Price positively: "even though you came here in assumed character, Mrs. Carmichael."

Graham bowed. Graham felt decidedly nonplussed, for so far his keen perception amounted to nothing, and he prided himself upon his perception. Hastings, with his back against the door, to prevent the possible escape of one they should wish to detain, only stared, dumfounded, at this strangest scene of all. "Emma," or Miss Rockwood, now in her true character, was standing beside her master, but Conyers remained standing respectfully before his master.

Once more Mrs. Carmichael smiled.

"The person whom I shall presently summon," she said, "you do not in the least suspect, and it is necessary to prepare anticipation in the mind of the person summoned, for all, save Mr. Price, the doctor and myself, to leave the room. The others can wait in the inner room and hear without being seen."

"By Jove!" murmured Tom Hastings to himself, still staring, amazed as the woman's calmness, as he turned with the others from the room.

Then Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Rockwood, in her old character of nurse, summoned the servant whom Mrs. Carmichael named to her, and presently the two returned.

"Good heavens—Gordon!" exclaimed Price, in grieved surprise. "Gordon!"

"Gordon!" said Graham, now fully aware of the extent of his own blunder.

"Gordon!" said Mrs. Carmichael, but in a different tone than that used by the others. Hers was sternly authoritative, not sad, and her eyes shot into the butler's astonished eyes. "I summoned you, she continued, swiftly, yet very distinctly, "to answer a charge against you. Gordon, your master has been very ill from the effect of poison. You administered this poison."

The man, aghast, utterly crushed by the revelation, too completely taken by surprise even to defend or attempt to defend himself, grew pallid with fear, and spread out his hands as slim hands they were, and very much resembling Conyers—and retreated a couple of feet, his horrified eyes upon the woman who stood so passionately facing him.

"Gordon!" repeated Price, in a low tone, as though the knowledge of this man's guilt wounded him more than it did the man himself. "Is it possible that it is you who are guilty of this? You, whom we have trusted? You, whom we believed so faithful that one word against you would have been indignantly denied?"

"You!" said Dr. Graham, in a voice of concentrated scorn and anger that this unmasking of villainy was due only to this woman, and merely to a woman—the woman opposite him, with her flashing eyes and flushed cheeks and excited hands. "You, a servant in your master's household, betraying his trust!"

"But I call heaven to witness——" stammered Gordon, still trembling and pallid, but endeavoring to regain his self-control during these few minutes granted him, though his eyes could not meet his master's and shrank from the fire eyes of the woman.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Carmichael, imperiously. "Don't perjure yourself by one word, Gordon! I know your guilt—and you—and God! The heaven you call upon would crush you with the truth! I saw you enter here last night, at midnight. You poured into the master's drinking water a powder, which I have handled of drugs to kill him instantly, should he have drunk it. But he did not drink of it. I saw you, and removed a pitcher from the room, and a part of the contents is now in Dr. Graham's possession. He, too, is your accuser."

"Yes, you are accused!" said Graham bitterly. "We know the woman who set you to this, Gordon. This is her plot, but you were to work it for her."

"For her!" muttered Price in a suffocated voice, his eyes pathetic in this appeal. "Whom do you mean, Graham?"

Graham bit his lip and frowned, unable to meet the look, for he knew that his friend was suffering from the crushing truth.

"Why do you speak of her?" interposed Mrs. Carmichael gently. "Is it not enough that no real harm is done? This man can answer all that is necessary."

Price's impatient gesture silenced her. Gordon was utterly humiliated, but even he felt his heart stir with pity at this man's wounded pride.

"I must hear the truth," he said sternly. "Who is the woman, Jack?"

Graham finished coldly. He had not intended to speak so openly of the woman behind this plot—not yet.

"The woman?" he repeatedly aimlessly. "You know her, Lee. She is—your sister!"

Price rose unsteadily to his feet and his white face, in its sudden surge of pity and humiliation and shame, moved them all. There were tears in Mrs. Carmichael's eyes, though she was unconscious of it in her sympathy for his sorrow.

"It is what I feared!" he said; and his voice was hoarse, though perfectly steady, and his brown eyes searched their faces successively for any trace of doubt of this accusation. "But you must not believe that this was done intentionally—not as any of us might do it—not even as Gordon entered this room to be responsible and she is not! She has always been peculiar—my sister Olive"—what sorrowful regret was in his voice—"and her strangely active mind and intensely fine sensibilities were dangerous in her, and her equally remarkable physical strength was but food for her highly strung nerves as that food for her highly strung nerves as that food is necessary for the cave that is given enough exercise for health. In consequence of this her mental power far exceeds her physical strength, and, if I may come, as her physician warned her many times, her mental power having almost exhausted her physical strength, feeds upon itself. Her mind is diseased. I have known this for five years, but have kept the knowledge to myself, believing that she was dead and beyond harming any one. I tell you now only because it is just to you and every one, even herself; and I must find her at once, if she is living!

"Do not tell me more of this now! I could not endure it! Do not even tell me of Gordon! Let him go. I refuse to appear against him, for he has been faithful and I know better than any of you the terrible power my sister possesses over weaker wills! There was one time when she influenced me to a degree that terrified me, but that happened so long ago I understand how this man was turned from me!

"And now, Jack, old fellow, send every one away, please, and leave me with Conyers! He was faithful, in spite of any suspicion others held toward him! You said very little, but I knew! And I alone know how much Conyers had done to bring me back to life—he and Mrs. Carmichael."

And with a faint smile, that he tried to make very brave, his eyes turned for an instant from the immovable face and scintillating eyes of his valet to the quiet face of the nurse. Price sank back in his chair and turned his face from them in the peaceful quiet of the room, serious for a long time to all that passed around him, even to the eager attempt of Gordon to exonerate himself in his kindly master's eyes!

CHAPTER XXV.

MERELY A WOMAN.

When a soul has seen
By the means of evil that Good is best,
And, through earth and its solace, what is heaven's serene,
When our faith in the unseen grows strongest;
Why, the child-grown man, who burn the rod,
The uses of labor are surely done.
—*Robert Browning.*

Twilight was over the quiet autumn woods, where the soft stir of vividly colored leaves was like the far echo of the wavering lilting and piping along the beach under the sea-wall at Bachelors' Beatitude. Twilight and peace were soft upon the water and lawn; a late sail on the horizon was purpling with the purpling night. Deep shadow lay along the piazza under the trailing vines, save the bright-red glow of cigars, where Price was sitting with his friends and guests. Walker Paling also was there at Price's earnest request. It was the evening following the disclosure of the plot and plotters.

"Well, by George!" said Ned Newton, after a long silence. "It seems to me that some lives run along pretty smoothly and others, somehow, get all tangled up with jarring wheels of fortune and fate! I never saw such a fellow as you, Price, with your good fortune and bad!"

"It's the way the world runs," said Morgan, laughing quietly; "but it's not half bad, Neddie!"

"And you couldn't have a good telling light without shadows, you know," suggested Curtis, in his quiet voice, always fearful of ridicule. "The two, carefully used, make the best canvas."

"You are an artist?" queried Paling, courteously. He had never before met this young fellow with the soft voice and good-natured face, but he honored him as being one of Lee Price's friends—Lee Price, the man who forgot and forgave so much! For still he scarcely knew whether he required forgiveness for more or great pity. "I have a friend who is a pronounced young artist, Mr. Curtis. You would be pleased to meet her, I am sure."

"I should be pleased to meet any of your friends," said Curtis, with considerable enthusiasm, for art was everything to "little Phil," as his friends called him. "Yours must really not much of an artist, Mr. Paling. I do it for amusement more than from any exalted hopes of fame."

"Yes!" said Paling, still kindly courteous though his thoughts were far from these friends or the present scene. "My friend works hard and studies hard because she has strong hopes, Mr. Curtis. Do you not think that hope always brightens and heightens life's possibilities?"

"Always," Price affirmed gently. "Hope and determination, Mr. Paling. The two are sure to succeed."

"Determination is only another word for patience," said Dr. Graham, leaning forward to carefully remove the ashes from his cigar against the piazza railing; "and patience never tires."

"No," said Paling in a low voice, knowing of what his friend was thinking. And then they fell into silence, thinking that that was best.

"To think," said Mayhew presently, in an undertone to Hastings, as they sat a little apart from their host, "that this plot went on under our very noses. It is no more astonishing, I suppose, than that Gordon should turn out the villain instead of the woman he is rather alarming to me. Can one trust one's nearest friends? Now, I shouldn't have been surprised at anything Conyers could do, if he put his head to do, for I never did like him, but for Gordon, the faithful, the irreproachable—"

"And to think," said Hastings, as his friend paused, "that in spite of Graham's keenness the real villain should have been discovered by this woman, this Mrs. Carmichael. It must be mighty bitter for him to remember! It would be for me, at least. To be outdone by any one is gall enough, but when it comes to merely a woman—"

"Even pretty Miss Polly, I suppose," retorted Mayhew, laughing, knowing very well that this same pretty Miss Polly had jilted Mr. Tom Hastings for young Dr Graham. "Don't have any this prejudice too far, Tom; you will get the worst of it if you do."

"I fail to see what Miss Ballard has to do with this," said Hastings haughtily. "I thought that we were speaking of Mrs. Carmichael, Mayhew!"

"So we were," said Mayhew, good-naturedly. "And 'Emma,' another of the new-style detectives, Tom! I shall be afraid to trust my own mother next."

"Humph!" ejaculated Hastings contemptuously—Hastings was very bitter because he had had so little to do with this unmasking of the plot. "Don't carry it to extremes, Mayhew. I was speaking of facts, and not conjectures. There's this Olive Price—or Paling's wife, as I just learn she is, a raging lunatic, cheating people with the idea that she was such a spiritual being as to bar a wrong deed a-prints and leave their will whenever she would, and now accused of having hypnotized poor Gordon! Fine woman, she!"

"It is altogether different from Mrs. Carmichael, Tom," said Mayhew, reprovingly. "Mrs. Carmichael saved Price's life and we should not forget it. He doesn't!"

"No," said Tom reflectively. "That wou'dn't be like Price, Mayhew. He never forgets a kindness, if he does forget an injury. Why, he offered her the position of companion to his aunt, Mrs. Estabrook—she desires a companion, he said—with a salary that would make you open your eyes. He learned, you know, that she is too independent to be dependent. She has plenty of left relations, I understand, but is too proud to take their charity. Give her credit for that, of course you will say. Well, she hasn't yet accepted the position, and I don't know that she will, but the offer was left open. Mrs. Estabrook took a fancy to her during her stay here, and made the suggestion to her nephew."

"I wonder often that he has never married—never even fallen in love," said Mayhew, af er a moment, gazing intently at the glowing end of his cigar, held lightly between forefinger and thumb. "He's such a noble fellow, any woman might feel proud of his love."

"I should," said Hastings, with a short laugh, "if I were a woman. Dick—which, thank heaven, I am not."

"Hold on, Tom!" said Mayhew, leaning forward and laying his hand heavily on the arm of his friend's chair, speaking in a low but impressive voice. "It's treason for you to utter such a sentiment! In the presence of your host, Lee Price. He honors women, as any man should, and I refuse to hear another word even from you."

Hastings rose, shrugging his shoulders, tossing the end of his cigar out upon the lawn.

"There's no use in our quarreling over this, Dick," he said, carelessly. "I don't share your opinion of women. They're lovely creatures, and I wouldn't want the world to be without them; but when there's anything special to be done, I think that it generally takes more than merely a woman to accomplish it."

"Because you have never proved a woman's power," said a quiet voice beside them. A low, softly modulated voice, but not Mrs. Carmichael's, as they at first believed.

Lights had been set in the parlors and a soft radiance shone out between the lace curtains upon the piazza. In this half-revealing light stood the woman. She had come upon the piazza from the side steps, and passed Hastings and Mayhew with only these quiet words, pausing just withdrawn from Lee Price and those grouped about him. A magnificently physique d woman, with a commanding form and snow white hair lying softly against her pale face, lighted by the flaming midnight eyes.

Paling recognized her instantly and rose like one who had received a blow as though to defend his host. His face matched her own in pallor and his eyes flashed as hers. Price fell upon the others, for instinctively they knew who this woman was.

"And so you have followed me even here, Olive!" said Paling in a gentle voice, reaching out his hand to her. He could be very tender with her, knowing the evil that had fallen upon her.

She spread out her hands as though to push him from her memory, lifting her proud head haughtily.

"I have followed you here—yes," she said, and there was a quiver of fury in her voice; "but not because I love you, Walker Paling. No! I hate you! I hate you and despise you! Coward! You dared not keep your promise to me! You dared not live up to the preaching of your novel—and mine! You feared to be your own hero—my hero—a world's great avenger! I have come to tell you how I scorn you! I will refuse to be called your wife! Fool that I was to take that oath upon me!

"And I have come to tell you"—she turned swiftly upon Price, who had also risen in repressed excitement, and was leaning toward her—they all were instinctively drawing closer around her—"I have come to tell you how I hate you—how I have always hated you—how faithfully I have hated you! Coward! You have gone through your weakness, your cowardice, your lack of spirituality! How I hate you!"

She brought her hands up, clasped, before his face, leaning toward him as he leaned toward her, their eyes irresistibly drawn to each other. That, with a sweet tenderness, she was turning away, when Price detained her.

"Olive!" he said.

She turned upon him in concentrated fury, as though she would tear him limb from limb like a wild tigress, and her hands were clenched now at her side. But as she would have spoken her physical strength gave way before this mad tide of passion, and throwing up her arms she fell upon the floor at their feet in convulsions.

From these this woman never recovered. She died that night in the guest-chamber at Bachelors' Beatitude with the murmur of her kindred voices drifting in with the breeze, her husband and brother beside her in tenderest pity, utterly forgetting the sorrow that they had endured because of her; the sorrow that, having all in his power to relieve her, and the minister, hastily summoned, offering such consolation as he could to a dying sinner, she died asleep and died quietly, the change from life to death scarcely perceptible save to the physician's eyes, and for her and them the tumult and passion of life drawn even at an end.

"How beautiful she is!" said Mrs. Carmichael softly, as she stood beside the coffin, with Mrs. Leonard, looking upon all that was left of Olive Price. "No matter what one's life has been, there is a sweetness of peace upon all dead faces, Mrs. Leonard!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leonard sorrowfully. "Poor lamb! Poor lamb! But what was her suffering, Mrs. Carmichael—ever—compared with his? There is no man living

leave the business on Forty-second street to the little assistant, Miss Randall!

"If people will talk—" said little Miss Campbell one day just before her wedding.

"Why, they can only say good of you!" her lover finished, laughingly, his brown eyes upon her.

"Even if Mr. Hastings does call me——"

"Being merely a woman' is above a man at his best," worried Price with a lover's belief in the lady of his heart. "And anyway, Tom's going to marry Kittie Florence, so he may as well quit talking in this strain—he and the rest of the fellows!"

"But I am glad," said Miss Lida by and by, very reflectively, "was a thousand times prettier than the little Angele; and if only, I said to myself, she wore the Morlaque costume of the peasantess in the opera——

"Angele! and that very evening we turned together, Bertha and I, leaves of the family album. A very much mingled album, at that! Soldiers, merchants, parchment aunts, apoplectic uncles, artillery colonels, and a minister. A minister, I say, as in olden times, one always had in one's album a grandfather coiffed in the skin-cap of the *Garde Nationale.*

"'Wait,' said Bertha suddenly, closing the covers, 'I've a better one still to show you.' And she ran to seek it. She ran—ah! what a figure! And she brought it—this one full of actresses, singers, *danseuses*; all the shoulders and busts of the opera, all the tulles and tights of the ballet.

"And there sandwiched between Judic and Theo, a very roguish, half-dressed *decolletee* of the lot, the little Angele of the Bouffes.

"'And doesn't she look like me!' cried Bertha joyously; 'every one tells me how much I resemble her. See!'

"And assuming the attitude of her operatic counterpart, winking her eye and with finger to the side of her nose, she begged to hum—Bertha began to hum—the old rollicking couplets of the Remontoir:

"'Heaven be merciful! Mlle. Brivard, daughter of M. Adolphe Brivard, commercial notable and former president of the Commercial Exchange, knew the repertoire of the Bouffes Parisiennes!

"I took my leave a little suffocated this evening from the white and gilt salon of the Bertrand Malesherbes. The little Angele and the little Bertha mingled strangely in my thoughts and hopped gaily beside me like two little puppets in a passage Choiseul. . . . I took my faith I the farther I went the less I knew if I was going to see Mlle. Bertha Brivard appear in the passage Choiseul. . . . I knew only, my faith!

Music.

NOW much the people from the Emerald Isle are to be congratulated upon the large audience that attended the twentieth annual concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society at the Pavilion on Thursday night, as well as on the excellent programme performed on that occasion! The music was more than usually Irish, with a graceful recognition to the land of our adoption in the shape of the Maple Leaf. The quartettes were not as successful as might have been expected, and were the weakest points on a good programme. Mrs. Caldwell was, of course, the bright particular star. She sang Kitty Tyrell and Pease's O Hush Thee, My Baby; with Kitty of Coleraine and her fine Proch Air and Variations for encores. She was in splendid voice, and sang with even more than her usual brilliancy. Miss Leadley gave very acceptable renderings of Believe Me if All those Endearing Young Charms, and Tosti's Bid Me Good-bye. Mr. Harold Jarvis improves with each re-visit to his native city and gave splendid renderings of Killarney and The Death of Nelson, with the usual encores. Mr. Blight, who was in charge of the concert, was slightly disabled by a cold, but gave an effective rendition of Cruikseen Lawn notwithstanding, and the duett with Mr. Jarvis, The Old Brigade was sung with a rousing spirit. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments beautifully; they were artistic in every detail. Miss Jessie Alexander gave Dawn on the Irish Coast and Professor Augusta D'Alberta, F.F.S.L.F., with fine effect, with the Dead Letter and the Funny Story as encores. Mr. W. E. Ramsay's humorous songs won him double recalls. Altogether it was one of the most enjoyable concerts ever given in Toronto and every one went away satisfied.

•

On Wednesday evening of last week a very good Service of Song was given at the Carlton street Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. D. E. Cameron, the choirmaster of the church, with Mr. W. H. Hewlett at the organ. Mr. A. S. Vogt played Fumigalli's Marcia Villareccia, Petrali's Romanza, and Whiting's Pastorale. The vocalists were Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Mrs. A. Huycke-Garratt, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. D. E. Cameron, Mr. Sims Richards, and Messrs. Rymal and English, all of whom sang most acceptably. The choir is steadily improving and gave an excellent account of itself.

•

Another Service of Song was given on Friday evening of last week at the Church of the Redeemer, under Mr. Schuch's direction, the service being conducted by Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the church. The choir received more praise than ever before from those leaving the church. Every seat was filled, despite the snowstorm. Miss Anna Schumacher of Hamilton sang Consider the Lilies, and One Sweetly Solemn Thought. She has a beautifully rich and soft voice and sings with great care and expression. As a pupil of Mr. D. J. O'Brien she does him infinite credit. Miss Lilian Kleiser sang Gounod's Glory to Thee My God with feeling and taste, her sympathetic voice being excellently adapted for a successful rendition of this number. Mr. Harold Jarvis was in splendid voice and excelled himself. I have never heard a finer rendition by a man than he gave of Dudley Buck's Fear Ye Not, O Israel. Mr. Arthur Fisher played an Impromptu, Op. 59 of his own writing, a very dainty and elegant composition, showing most musically treatment. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Dinelli with even more than his usual care and judgment.

•

On the same evening a large audience attended a concert given at the Auditorium in aid of the Helping Hand Mission. The performers were Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Agnes Knox and Mr. H. M. Blight, all of whom were received with the applause their excellent work deserved.

•

By an error in the composing department, the advertisement of the Haslam Vocal Society's concert failed to contain the name of the principal visiting artist, M. Ovide Musin. This gentleman and his high artistic powers are too well known in Toronto to need further allusion than to say that he is probably the greatest violinist at present in America, and all those attending the concert on Tuesday evening will enjoy a great treat in his playing.

•

The Toronto Vocal Society has secured in addition to Miss Olive Fremstadt and Mr. Victor Herbert, the artists mentioned in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, the assistance of Miss Irene Gurney, a young lady whose recent excellent performances as a pianist have made her one of our chief artistic features. The concert will be given on Thursday, December 17.

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Mr. Frederic Boscovitz will give his second Lecture-Concert entitled An Evening with Chopin, on Monday, December 21, in the public hall of the Educational Department. From his peculiar intimacy with all Chopin literature, a most interesting entertainment may be expected.

•

Arthur Friedheim, who plays at Association Hall this night week, does not come here heralded as many great pianists do, but is none the less one of the greatest in the world. A few years ago, while Mr. Harry Field was in Toronto, his invariable song was, when any other of the giants of the keyboard were mentioned: "But you should hear Friedheim!" Field's face would glow with rapture and his glasses would topple off with excitement. I never saw such enthusiastic admiration as that shown by Field for Friedheim and on this account, if on no other, I anticipate a rare treat in his playing.

•

The Canadian Society of Musicians will celebrate the Christmas holidays by holding its seventh annual convention at the Normal school, on December 29 and 30, for which event a very interesting programme has been prepared. Mr. Thomas Martin of London will give a piano recital; Mr. W. Elliott Haslam will deliver a lecture on The Rise and Development of the Madrigal, illustrated by a select choir; Mr. A. M. Read of St. Catharines will contribute an essay on the subject, Has Music as a Creative Art Reached its Limits, Mr. W. O. Forsyth will read an Essay on the Piano. Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has very kindly extended her hospitality to the Society and will give a reception to its members on the evening of the 29th; and on the evening of the 30th, Vladimir de Pachmann, a renowned pianist, will give a concert, assisted by Mrs. Julie Wyman, whom we all know as a most artistic singer. Truly the musicians have put their best foot foremost this year.

•

The Philharmonic Society has been most energetic in its rehearsals this season, and now has a well balanced and numerous chorus. The works under rehearsal are Gounod's Redemption and Dr. Bridge's Callirhoe. The former of these has been done before by the society and ranks among its greatest successes. The other is a recent composition and met with great appreciation on its production in England. Mr. Torrington tells me that he has room for a few more good voices in the chorus—but only a few—and that immediate application must be made to secure admission. Mr. Earls adds to this the invitation given by one of his countrymen, who told a friend that he now lived near the bay, and asked him when he was down that way to "fall in."

•

Mr. Torrington is not by any means idle in his chosen work. On Monday evening he held the first rehearsal of his Orchestral School, and had a large attendance of efficient amateurs. His professional orchestra is in process of organization and will be in the field again this season.

•

Miss Nora Clench made her farewell on the 25th at the Hamilton Grand Opera House before a large audience. The concert was under the management of Mr. J. W. Baumann and those who assisted Miss Clench were: Mrs. George Hamilton, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Cummings, Mr. G. H. Fairclough, Mr. George Fox and Mr. H. L. Parker. Miss Clench goes to Brussels for another year's study in the celebrated violin school of that city.

•

Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, will give another of his popular organ recitals at the church this afternoon at four o'clock.

•

The Harmony Club on Saturday evening last held its first rehearsal of Millocker's Beggar Student, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch. The attendance was large, fifty-one singing members participating, and all expressed themselves as being delighted with the bright and taking character of the music. The performance of the Beggar Student will take place in February.

•

A movement has been set on foot to form a Church of England Choir Association and the clergy and choirmasters have responded to the invitations sent out with a readiness and enthusiasm that promises success. The object of the Association will be to improve and further the music of both choir and congregation and as a step in this direction, it is contemplated to hold a festival of the united choirs of the city about Whitsuntide, when a full cathedral service will be held. A constitution has been drafted and will be submitted for adoption by those interested, on Saturday next.

•

I was shocked on Wednesday evening of last week to hear of the unexpected death of Mr. Percy W. Greenwood, at one time organist of All Saints' church in this city. Mr. Greenwood was a young man—only twenty-eight years of age—and was a very promising musician and a generous-minded, genial man. He had returned to Toronto intending to make his home here permanently, when stricken down. An other death in the profession is that of Mr. Rushton Dodd, organist of Knox church, Ottawa, who succumbed to a sudden attack of inflammation of the lungs. Mr. Dodd was an excellent organist and had won special distinction as a teacher of singing and as a choir trainer, and was very popular with all who knew him.

•

"There is a tide, etc." One of these tides flowed across the path of Charlie Hedmondt, a young Canadian tenor, now in England, who was here several times with the Emma Juch Opera Company. Lohengrin was to be performed at the Covent Garden Theater, when it was found that Chevalier Scovel, who was to sing the title *role*, was too ill to appear. Sir Augustus Harris commissioned Mr. Hedmondt to take the part, and although he sang in English while the other performers sang in Italian, he achieved a signal success. Mr. Hedmondt was born in Montreal, his father being German, and his mother Irish. I remember him, a bright boy with great musical talent, and was glad to note his steady advancement in his profession while in America, and still more so to see his success in England. He is now under engagement with the Carl Rosa English Opera Company.

•

The University Glee Club goes out on a concert tour on Tuesday, December 15, and will sing at Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Brantford and Chatham, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

•

On Monday evening, December 14, a concert will be given at Association Hall, when the talent will be Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Sara Lord Bailey and Mr. George Fox.

METRONOME.

A Drug in the Market.

"I'm trying to close up my business," he said in answer to a question as to what he was doing.

"Wasn't there any money in it?" asked his friend.

"Well, no; not in the long run. I did pretty well at first, but I finally glutted the market. There was no use making any more, for I could not dispose of them."

"Oh, it was a manufacturing business, was it?" inquired the friend.

"Somewhat in that line."

"It ought not to take you long to close up."

"I don't know about that. I estimate that it will take something like ten or fifteen years."

"Ten or fifteen years!" exclaimed the friend. "For heaven's sake, how much stock have you got on hand?"

"None at all. But I've got to get some off the market. Have to do it, you know. Once get the market glutted and you never can dispose of any more. The business never does pay, and I was a fool to think I could make it do so."

"What in the world were you making?"

"Promissory notes. Been doing it ever since I left college two years ago. Easy to get rid of sometimes, but, Lord! they are hard to get back."

A Great Reduction.

Mr. Lotts—Great Hunks! I wouldn't miss that train for twenty dollars,——

—Well, I'll be dolgarned if there isn't a nickel!

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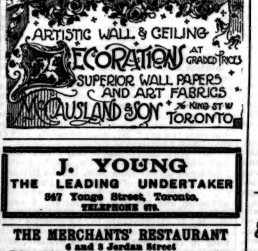

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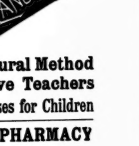

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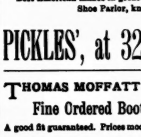

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and deep crimson velvet bands; Miss Ellis, terra cotta; and Miss Palmer in coral silk looked stylish and pretty. Altogether the affair was declared by all present to be a brilliant success.

•

Mrs. Gordon of London is the guest of Major and Mrs. Leigh, 254 Dundas street.

•

Miss Kathleen Hutchinson of London is staying with her aunt, Mrs. George Strange, College street.

•

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra of Elm avenue, Rosedale, gives a dance next Wednesday evening.

•

Mrs. Larratt Smith gave a large dance last Tuesday at her residence on Summerhill avenue, North Toronto.

•

Mrs. R. S. Williams of Goderich was in town this week.

•

The Canadian Order of Oddfellows gave an At Home in Webb's parlors last evening.

•

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis of Rosedale has a small evening to bid farewell to Miss Katie to-night.

•

The receptions at Government House are discontinued for the present. I was glad to hear that Sir Alexander Campbell is progressing favorably and that his illness no longer gives cause for immediate anxiety.

•

The French Conversation Club held their first meeting at the residence of the secretary, Mrs. Alfred Denison, last Saturday evening. Several new members were proposed to take the places of those who have left the city since the spring. The next meeting will be at Mrs. Catto's, 46 Breadalbane street, on December 12.

•

Mrs. Wyld's At Home on Saturday last was largely attended. Amongst others present were Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. G. A. Stinson, the Misses Beatty, Mr. C. Beatty, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Ley, Capt. Magee, Mrs. John Kay, Mrs. and Miss McDonald, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. Strickland, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson and others.

Miss Castle of Sussex avenue gave an afternoon tea last Thursday for Miss Elsie Armour of Cobourg.

•

Mrs. William Davidson gives an At Home on Saturday, December 5.

•

Mrs. Kay of Wellington street gives a tea this afternoon.

•

Dr. Alexander J. C. Skene of Long Island College Hospital is visiting his cousin, Mrs. James H. Pearce of 226 Beverley street. Dr. Skene is president of the American Gynecological Society and dean of the L. I. College.

•

Mrs. Duncan Coulson gave a beautiful luncheon on Friday in honor of her niece, Miss Begg, from Scotland, who is to spend the winter here.

•

Mrs. W. H. Beatty of Queen's park will give a large ball on Tuesday, December 15, at the Academy of Music.

•

Miss Bourinot of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. J. Ross Robertson.

•

The engagement of Miss Elsie Armour to Mr. Augusite Bolte has been announced.

•

Miss Parsons of Grange avenue welcomed her friends to afternoon tea last Thursday.

•

Mrs. Walter Barwick of Jarvis street gave an enjoyable tea to a number of friends on Thursday.

Gorgeous Art Work.

A VISIT TO THE BEAUTIFUL STORE OF J. E. ELLIS AND CO., KING STREET EAST.

While the Americans were discussing the advisability of transporting Monte Carlo, the famous gambling resort, and placing it at Chicago, Messrs. J. E. Ellis & Co., Toronto, were planning a more worthy scheme, and were seriously meditating as to whether or not they would remove the Louvre from Paris and place it in all its grandeur in Toronto. Their ideas have since been modified to some extent, but to-day they open to the public their new art room filled with perhaps the best works in Carrara and Carlilian marble busts, French and Munich bronzes, and Onyx art that have ever seen the light of day in Canada. A few of the pieces are far beyond the ordinary Canadian standards, and can only be judged by such works as hitherto have only been found upon the continent. There is a group in Carrara Marble, a perfect gem, by Brazzi, representing a child seated with flowing drapery, and fondling a dove, which, as a display of conceptive genius, is most complete. There are two other studies in marble by the same artist—Curiosity and The Companions. Both subjects are treated in the most original and delicate fashion. Curiosity is represented by a boy of about nine years holding a watch to his ear and listening. The facial expression is the production of a genius, and at once stamps the work as that of a finished master. "The Companions" in point of detail and subtlety of expression is perhaps the finest feature of the collection. A maiden is represented *decolete* with a dove resting upon her shoulder," she smiling down upon the bird, seems to be talking or chirping to it, while the bird in the most confident manner seems to approach her face, which is beaming with satisfaction and tenderness. The embroidery on the loose garment is most delicate, and yet quite distinct and natural. Another remarkable work is "Violia," by Lapine, also in marble. It represents a beautiful girl, enveloped in a thin gauze veiling, and is altogether a new feature. Lovers of bronze may here find ample to entertain them and give them many new ideas. There is a Diana nearly forty inches in length, treated in the most original fashion. The goddess is represented as rapidly descending through the clouds, and holds in her hand the bow, the arrow having sped. She appears to be intently watching the flight of the dart. The bronze rests upon a miniature Venetian column of marble and at once catches the eye of the visitor, who recognizes the work of that celebrated master, De La Vistrie. Another work by the same artist, and quite new to this country, is a colored bronze 42 inches in height, representing a Japanese lady making her toilet before a looking glass. The design is extremely novel, and the reflected figure produces a most lifelike effect. Another bronze which forces itself upon one is Biot's Resting in the Desert. A large Egyptian idol is represented in colored stone, and resting in its lap is found a tired native sleeping with his arms carelessly thrown over a stringed instrument. Also in bronze there are two Japanese vases mounted on pedestals. These are exquisitely carved and present a specimen of Oriental art the equal of which has seldom been seen in Canada. There are also a hundred other gems, any of which would fully satiate the thirst for the exquisite in any lover of art.

A Mile a Minute.

"A mighty production," was the head line of Nym Crinkle's notice in the New York *World* after the first performance of the great English melodrama A Mile a Minute, a play that has scored a success in London and New York, also in all the principal cities in America. The play is one that pleases all, the company the best that money can procure. All the scenery used in this production is carried by the company, in which they introduce the famous London Argyle rooms, in which scene some clever specialties are introduced. A marvelous effect in stage realism seen in this play is a race between the fast express and the special engine, everywhere accepted as the most startling scene ever presented on any stage. The show will be at the Academy all next week.

England's Tall Warriors.

The British army contains over 7,000 men over six feet in height.

Read This List

FOR

CHRISTMAS

In it we make no mention whatever of the regular staples such as Diamonds, Sterling Silverware, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, &c. Everyone knows that in these lines Ryrie Bros.' stock cannot be excelled; but we name a few articles to show you that we abound in Novelties most appropriate for the Christmas Season: Riding Whips, in Gold, Silver and Ivory Mountings, from $5 to $15 each; Driving Whips, very choice, from $12 to $25 each; Solid Ebony-back Hair brushes, with Raised Silver Monograms or Crests to order; very fine Leather Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Wallets, Pocket Books, Card Cases, with or without Silver Monograms; Rodgers' Fine Cutlery; Sterling Silver Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Cologne Bottles, Trinket Trays, Court Plaster Cases, Manicure Sets, Button Hooks and other Toilet Goods; Elegant Silver, Gold, Pearl and Ivory Mounted Umbrellas, Ink Stanks, Gold Pens, Paper Knives, Letter Openers, Book Marks, Calendars, Memoranda Tablets,. Doctor Prescription Books and other Library Goods; Mexican Onyx Tables, in Brass, Silver and Copper Mountings; Dinner Gongs, in a variety of styles; very fine Piano and Banquet Lamps; Palm Pots and Vases.

In our Stationery Department we engrave Copper Plate Visiting Cards, and Emboss, with Crest or Monograms, Boxes of our Fine Paper and Envelopes.

Silver Photo Frames, all sizes. In fact, without examining our stock, it is impossible to form any idea of the preparations we have made for this Holiday Season.

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ONE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY **December 7**

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

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Superb Company. Special Scenery. Tons of Mechanical Effects. A Mighty Production

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Thursday Evening, Dec. 10

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Special Annual Entertainment.

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LOCAL CRAYON CARTOONS

Everything Fresh, New and Up to Date.

Tickets 25c. and 50c. Plan at Nordheimer's, Dec. 7.

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BENEFIT CONCERT

Association Hall, Dec. 14

Boston's Favorite Elocutionist

Sara Lord Bailey

ASSISTED BY

Canada's Favorite Soprano, MRS. CALDWELL, and GEO. FOX (Violinist) of Hamilton.

MRS. H. M. BLIGHT ..... Pianist

Plan open at Nordheimer's December 7.

General admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c.

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SEVENTH SEASON—1891-92

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HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 8

AT 8 O'CLOCK

At which the Chorus will be assisted by

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MLLE. INEZ PARMATER ..... Mezzo Soprano
MONS. GEORGE DEP-NIS ..... Tenor
From the Grand Opera, Paris.
HERR EMIL SENGER ..... Basso
Metropolitan Opera Co., New York.
EDUARD SCHARF ..... Pianist

Admission 50c. Reserved Seats $1

Plan of hall will be open to subscribers at Suckling & Son's on Wednesday, December 2, at 10 o'clock sharp, and to the public Saturday, December 5, at same hour.

Arthur Friedheim

CELEBRATED PIANIST

and favorite pupil of Liszt, will give one recital, assisted by the charming Canadian contralto,

MRS. MACKELCAN

Association Hall, December 12

Subscription lists at the music stores.

ASSOCIATION HALL

RECITAL BY AGNES KNOX

Miss Knox, before taking her Eastern tour, will give an evening of Recitals under the auspices of the University College Y. M. C. A., FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 4. Admission 25c.; reserved seats 50c. Plan of hall opens at Nordheimer's Wednesday, Dec. 2. Sir Daniel Wilson will occupy the chair.

DOUGLAS BIRD, Tenor Soloist

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I have often given my friends advice how to dress correctly. The advice was always to go to some tailor in whom they had perfect confidence, and then let the tailor use his judgment in regard to the cloth, the color and the style of the garment. The result invariably is that the person is not only well dressed, but is dressed becomingly. I was forcibly reminded of this the other day as I stepped into Mr. H. A. Taylor's tailoring establishment on King street west. "Did you notice the gentleman who just left me," said he. "He has selected cloth for a suit of clothes which is among the oldest I have in stock. I advised him against the selection, showing him the new patterns I have just received. But to no purpose. He came here with preconceived notions of selecting cloth he had worn for years, and he wanted something very similar. The consequence is he will wear this winter what he wore last winter and the winter before. It is pretty cloth, but the pattern is old. He should have taken some of these new patterns. They are odd and exceedingly pretty. In suitings this coming winter the prevailing color will be all the shades of brown with small figures. In rough goods Scotch cheviots for business suits will be much worn. These cloths are all dark colors, and as you can see for yourself are much prettier than we have had for years. For evening wear dark diagonals with fancy vests and light trousers are the correct thing. In trouserings pronounced plaids will be in greater favor than last year. In fact, all the cloths this season have more life and the patterns are more pronounced than in years past. Dull colors and patterns undoubtedly have seen their day." Call and inspect at the old stand, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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French and American Millinery, Dress Bonnets, Hats and Caps, suitable for the coming Christmas Season, also Widow's Caps.

THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT

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Dressmaking in all its branches at reasonable charges.

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READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!

McKendry Once More on the War Path

Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.

Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.

Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices

In our Basement Bazar

Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.

Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.

Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.

Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.

McKENDRY'S 202

6 Doors north of Queen on Yonge St.

NEW MUSIC---NEW DANCES

Polka Polonaise
Polka Polonaise
Polka Polonaise
Polka Polonaise } - - 40c

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Waltz Minuet
Waltz Minuet
Waltz Minuet } - - 60c

$1.00

To introduce this charmingly lovely music and these elegantly artistic dances for a short time, both pieces for piano, mailed on receipt of 64c.

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Justifiable Envy.

Managing Editor—You say here that you have cultivated hot-house lilac bushes that have attained a height of over fifty feet?

Horticultural Editor—Yes, why?

Managing Editor (musingly)—Nothing, only I wish I could lilac that.

Made Him Sick.

Doctor (on ocean steamer)—Your turn has come, I see, sir. Allow me to—

Seasick passenger (an old bachelor)—N-o, n-o, doctor. It—it will soon pass off. It isn't sea—seasickness. I looked too long at those—those bridal couples.

Sure to Please.

Miss Jinks—Oh, you must see the photographs I had taken at Camera & Co's. They're splendid.

Miss Winks—I knew they'd be good. Camera & Co. have the finest retoucher in the city.

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These sensible girls, hearing so much about the wonderful advantages of using "Sunlight" Soap, have resolved to use it next wash day, and are reading the directions on the wrapper, in order that they may know how to do a "wash" without hard rubbing, and without boiling the clothes or using washing powders. They will succeed. Its a capital "wrinkle" for all women who have washing to do.

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At wholesale prices.
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A large assortment.
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All the select designs.
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The latest.
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

IRVINE—At French River, Parry Sound District, on Nov. 21, wife of N. O. Irvine—a son.
BURNS—Nov. 20, Mrs. Stephen Burns—a son.
BOND—Nov 20, Mrs. Edwin Bond—a daughter.
MACRAE—Nov. 20, Mrs. Evelyn Macrae—a son.
FRASER—Nov. 15, Mrs. A. G. Fraser—a son.
HALL—Nov. 24, Mrs. Alfred Hall—a daughter.
WATTS—Nov. 23, Mrs. George Watts—a son.
TURNER—Nov. 26, Mrs. F. A. Turner—a daughter.
GRAHAM—Nov. 23, Mrs. G. G. Graham—a son.
MORTIMER—Nov. 23, Mrs. C. H. Mortimer—a daughter.
GRUNDY—Nov. 27, Mrs. Fred Grundy—a daughter.
LEIT—Nov. 25, Mrs. F. A. Leit—a son.
MAYNARD—Nov. 26, Mrs. Wm. Maynard—a son.
WATSON—Nov. 26, Mrs. H. H. Watson—a son.

Marriages.

ARGALL—HOWDEN—Nov. 25, W. H. Argall to Nellie Howden.
WARDLAW—PEARSON—Nov. 23, W. Wardlaw to M. A. Pearson.
CHUTE—ELLIOTT—Nov. 25, W. O. Chute to Julia Elliott.
CAMPBELL—MATHEWSON—Nov. 25, A. Campbell to S. Mathewson.
BROWN—THOMPSON—Nov. 25, A. Percy Brown to Charlotte Thompson.
BENETT—WYE—Nov. 25, W. G. Benett to E. A. Wye.
McKAY—MACAULAY—Nov. 18, Edward McKay to Ella Macaulay.
TAYLOR—CALDWELL—Nov. 25, John Taylor to Constance Caldwell.
DOUGLAS—WARD—Nov. 20, J. Douglas to Isabella Ward.
GORDON—SHARP—Nov. 25, Joseph Gordon to Bertha Sharp.
ROBERTS—STANLEY—Nov. 25, J. H. Roberts to Lula Stanley.
BURRITT—HORROCKS—Nov. 25, Fred Burritt to Ethel Horrocks.
BRITT—SPARROW—Nov., Wm. Britt to Mollie Sparrow.
LAWSON—GATES—Nov. 19, J. Lawson to Louisa Gates.
MUNSHAW—VOGAN—Nov. 25, Albert Munshaw to Lillie Vogan.
TOLLEY—PITT—Nov. 20, Wm. J. Tolley to Kate Pitt.
HIGGINBOTHAM—SPROULE—Nov. 26, George A. Higginbotham to Ada Mary Sproule.

Deaths.

SMITH—Nov. 20, Sidney B. Smith, aged 27.
O'NEILL—Dec. 1, Daniel O'Neill, aged 1.
MITCHELL—Dec. 1, John Mitchell, aged 63.
MILLS—Dec. 1, William Mills, aged 78.
MACALLUM—Nov. 30, Mary Macallum, aged 59.
TUPPER—Nov. 26, Fred G. Tupper, aged 36.
GRUNDY—Nov. 28, John Grundy, aged 75.
STOKES—Nov. 30, John T. Stokes, aged 67.
WATT—Nov. 18, Marguerite Watt, aged 11.
HARRINGTON—Dec. 1, Nellie Harrington, aged 15.
LISTER—Nov. 30, Grace E. E. Lister, aged 22.
SEAR—Nov. 30, Sarah Sear, aged 72.
DEAN—Nov. 28, Catherine Dean, aged 93.
DAVIS—Hanna B. Davis, aged 79.
FORREST—James Forrest, aged 73.
HURBARD—Nov. 26, Eleanor Hubbard.
RICHARDSON—Nov. 27, Dora L. Richardson, aged 34.
BAKIN—Nov. 28, Eliza Bakin.
CUMMINGS—Nov. 29, Ann Cummings, aged 68.
DICKENSON—Nov. 29, Jane Gill Dickenson, aged 87.
EYRE—Nov. 29, Jane Ann Eyre, aged 33.
PRAY—Nov. 30, Eliza H. Pray, aged 33.
BAIN—Nov. 27, Reuben Bain (infant).
WILKINSON—Nov. 29, Arthur D. Wilkinson.
JOHNSON—Nov. 28, James B. Johnson, aged 30.
RUSSELL—Nov. 28, Sarah Russell, aged 53.
SCOTT—Nov. 24, Walter Scott.
STODDART—Nov. 21, William Stoddart, aged 80.

WHITE CHINA
FOR DECORATING
Direct from the factories in LIMOGES, FRANCE, just opened.
12 PACKAGES
Containing all the latest designs.
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
WILLIAM JUNOR
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This department contains all the leading novelties of the present season, and as Furs of all descriptions are now so popular, and surely nothing could be more conducive to the comfort of ladies, we have laid ourselves out to meet all the requirements of the same.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING—Baltic Seal Storm Collar and Muff, $6.50, $7.50 and $9.50 the set.
Blue Opossum Collar and Muff, $7.50 the set.
Moscow Beaver Collar and Muff, $9.50 the set.
Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50, $15 and 22 the set.

CAPES WITH STORM COLLARS

Oppossum, $15; Astrachan, $9.50, $12; Sable, $15, $22 and $35; Beaver, $20, $30, $35 and $40.
Muffs and Storm Collars in all the leading Furs from $1.25 up. We are selling a S. S. Seal Satchel Muff for $4.75

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6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West
OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Choice Furniture
New styles Bedroom Sets, Sideboards, just out. It will pay you to see them before purchasing.
UPHOLSTERY TO ORDER.
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FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

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See our stock of all the latest novelties suitable for
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Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair follicle.
Perfectly Harmless
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